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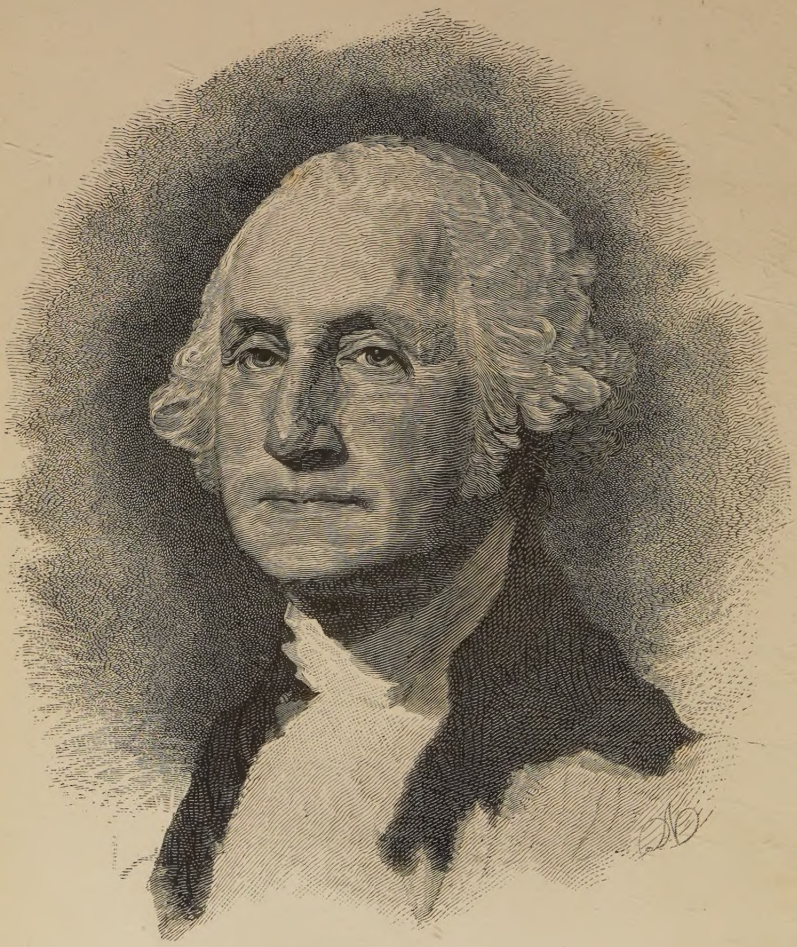
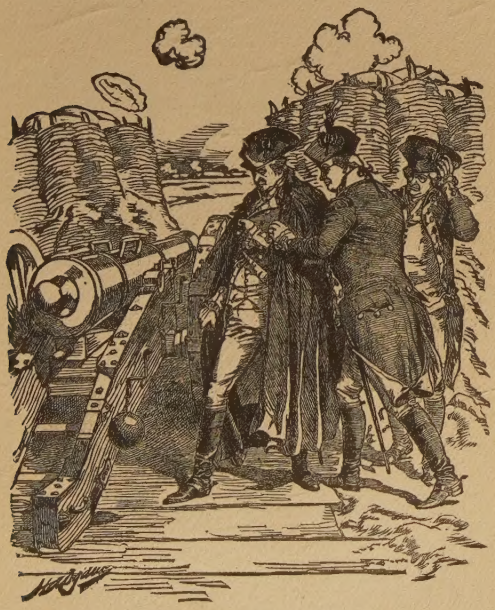


GEORGE WASHINGTON

From the portrait in the Boston Athenæum, by Gilbert Stuart

REVOLUTIONARY ❋ ❋ ❋ STORIES ❋ ❋ ❋

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS



PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK . . . . MCMXIX

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PREFACE

Most boys and girls like to read something more in the way of stories, perhaps, than just what the histories tell them of the great men of their country.

During that long war, when "Our grandsires fought for freedom against the British crown," many were the examples of loyalty, heroism, and courage, of which every American boy and girl should be proud. Who can read the story of those seven years of strife, and not catch the spirit of patriotism that runs through every page, from first to last?

These stories of the Revolution—some true in fact, all true in feeling and in character—combine to give a picture of the days of '76 that cannot help but make its impress on the minds of those who read. All the stories in this volume are vivid and inspiring; and as a picture of a period it is a valuable addition to the other volumes in the Historical Series.

REVOLUTIONARY STORIES

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE—*The American Flag.*

REVOLUTIONARY STORIES

THAT BUNKER HILL POWDER

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY

EVERY good student of history has learned that the battle of Bunker Hill was lost to the Americans chiefly because they had not enough powder.

The King having opposed, by every means in his power, the manufacture of munitions of war in the colonies, the patriots at first found great difficulty in procuring ammunition; and the supplies for the early part of the war were obtained in such adventurous ways that accounts of these exploits are very interesting. Indeed, a portion of even the scanty stock which our people had at Bunker Hill had been brought over the sea to be used against the enemies of Great Britain.

I have only recently found out just how this

powder came to do service for the patriots, instead of their British oppressors; and, being quite sure that the story has never been fully told, I have undertaken its recital.

Adjoining the town of Rye, in New Hampshire, and directly north of its noted beach, is the town of Newcastle. On the site of the present Fort Constitution in this town there was, in the days of the Revolution, a quite formidable work called "Fort William and Mary."

No visit from a foreign enemy being anticipated, the fort was manned at this time by a captain and five privates only. A weak garrison, surely; but it was supposed that, in case of danger, the friends of King George in the neighborhood would amply reinforce the guard, even were there not time for the royal governor, Wentworth, to bring the militia to the rescue. As to any serious attack by disaffected inhabitants, it was too bold an act for belief; and if it were possible, in any case, that the militia should prove insufficient, General Gage, with three thousand regulars, was in Boston, and a British fleet was in its harbor.

What subject, however rebellious, would dare to touch his Majesty's property, or its custodians,

under these circumstances? The act would be treason, and the life and possessions of the offender would be forfeited; and who could save him from the King's hand? Probably not even the most ardent patriot thought of it, until Paul Revere came riding into town from Boston one evening.

The news he brought was startling. An order had come from the King that all military stores in the colonies should be seized at once.

Major John Langdon (afterward Governor) the same evening received a call from his friend, Captain Thomas Pickering. After the compliments of the hour had been passed, the Captain surprised his friend by an invitation to accompany him to Fort William and Mary to take a glass of wine with its commander.

"It will not do," replied the Major, cautiously evading a declaration of his own sentiments; "it will not do under the present state of public affairs."

Major Langdon's sympathies were with his oppressed countrymen; and he revolted at the idea of receiving the hospitalities of one whose duty it might be on the morrow to shoot down his guests as foes of the Government.

"PAUL REVERE CAME RIDING INTO TOWN"

Captain Pickering next disclosed a design of securing the arms and ammunition of the fort; showing his purpose to be quite other than the invitation indicated.

"If twenty-eight like ourselves could be found," said he, "I would undertake to lead in the capture."

To this purpose Major Langdon heartily assented.

Before noon of the next day a drum and fife were sounding about town to bring the people together; and the order of the King for securing the ammunition was made known. The effect of this news was increased by a report that the armed vessels "Scarborough" and "Cauceaux" were on their way from Boston with British troops to possess the fort and hold the town in awe.

When Governor Wentworth heard of this meeting of the citizens, he warned them against committing any rash act; and as the people soon dispersed, it was supposed that nothing would come of the meeting. But this was a mistake.

A little before twelve that night—it was the fourteenth of December, 1774—the nearly full moon looked down upon some two hundred men setting out in boats from Portsmouth wharves, and heading for Newcastle.

Half-an-hour later their boats grounded near the island, and the men waded ashore through the shallow water, which froze upon their clothing. Yet the landing had been so quiet that no attention was attracted at the fort. Captain Pickering, being in advance of the others, scaled the grassy rampart unattended, and seizing the sentinel with one hand and his gun with the other, he demanded silence on pain of instant death.

Crowds of men were now clambering up the walls; and, leaving the sentinel in their charge, the leader hastened on to the quarters of the commandant. He entered the room before that officer was fairly awake, announcing to him that the fort was captured and he a prisoner. He had previously been warned that an attack upon the fort was meditated, yet his garrison was not on the alert; and he at once surrendered to the only man that appeared. He gave his sword to Captain Pickering, who politely returned it, saying:

"You are a gentleman, and shall retain your side-arms."

Pickering turned to leave him, when the dishonorable officer, having him at disadvantage, aimed a blow at his captor with the sword which had that minute been restored to him. But the

muscular patriot parried the blow with his arm, and then, not deigning to draw his own sword, felled the miscreant to the ground with his clenched hand. His followers were now at the door, and the fallen officer was placed under guard. The remnant of the garrison gave no trouble.

The military stores were now sought out; and, in the earliest light of morning, ninety-seven barrels of powder were carried on board the scows and gondolas, and taken up the river.

"MANY A FARMER WAS SUMMONED FROM HIS PLOW."

The next night, a party, hastily gathered together by John Sullivan (afterward a General under Washington), paid a second visit to the fort. The men of this party had been principally recruited in the country. In those days men were willing to drop everything for the sake of their cause, and many a farmer was summoned from his plow by the recruiting officers. As it was now Winter, and no outdoor work was going on, it was of course easier to get Sullivan's countrymen together. They were a stout set of fellows, and that night they captured and carried away from the fort sixteen pieces of cannon, and other military material.[1]

The Governor was now so alarmed by the rebellious spirit of the people that, beginning to have fears for himself, he sent a messenger to hasten the coming of the force, which, he had declared to the people, was not expected. On the seventeenth the sloop-of-war "Cauceaux" arrived with troops, being followed, on the nineteenth, by the frigate "Scarborough."

This affair occurred more than four months earlier than the Lexington fight, and six months before the battle of Bunker Hill. It stands in

[1] Bancroft's Hist. U. S., vol. vii., p. 183.

British annals as the first overt act of rebellion in America.

On the ninth of February the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, and a majority of the houses of Lords and Commons went in state to the palace, and presented to King George III. the warlike address which they had jointly adopted.

Lord North, the Prime Minister, was now inclined to conciliatory measures; but the King had just heard of the seizure of Fort William and Mary, and his heart was hardened. He intended that his language should "open the eyes of the deluded Americans." "If it does not," said he to his faltering Minister, "it must set every delicate man at liberty to avow the propriety of the most coercive measures."[1] So the breach between the colonies and the Government went on widening.

On the seventeenth of June the battle, which Bunker Hill monument commemorates, was fought upon the heights of Charleston. Two New Hampshire regiments were there, under the command of Colonels Stark and Reed. They were posted on the left wing, behind a fence, from which they cut down whole ranks of the British as they advanced up the shore. As I have before

[1] Ibid., vol. vii., p. 227.

"THEY CUT DOWN WHOLE RANKS OF THE BRITISH AS THEY ADVANCED UP THE SHORE"

stated, it was a portion of the powder taken from the fort at Newcastle that supplied their fire that day; and, probably, other troops than those of the Granite State were furnished from this providential stock.

Once again this ammunition came in play at a critical time. In the next August an examination was made, by order of General Washington, into the supply of powder in the patriot army besieging the British in Boston, and it was found there was not enough to give the soldiers nine charges apiece.

On the fifth, General Sullivan wrote to the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire about it, as follows: "When General Washington learned this fact, he was so struck that he did not utter a word for half-an-hour. Every one was equally surprised. Messengers are dispatched to all the Southern colonies to draw on their public stores; and I must entreat you to forget all colony distinctions, consider the Continental army devoted to destruction unless immediately supplied, and send us at once at least twenty barrels of powder with all possible speed. Should this matter take air before a supply arrives, our army is ruined."

The powder seized at Fort William and Mary

had been taken up the Piscataqua to Durham, where the principal portion of it was at first stored under the pulpit of the meeting-house. Afterward the ammunition was removed to a magazine which Captain John Demeritt, of Medbury, had constructed in his cellar.

On receiving General Sullivan's letter, the Committee, with patriotic readiness, sent the whole to General Washington at Cambridge, only reserving such small quantity as was required for Captain Demeritt's company.

The powder arrived in time to save the army from disaster; and we know that General Washington advanced his position until the British were forced to abandon the city.

BOSTON BOYS

(Grandfather's Story)

BY NORA PERRY

WHAT! you want to hear a story all about that old-time glory,
When your grandsires fought for freedom against the British crown;
When King George's redcoats mustered all their forces, to be flustered
By our Yankee raw recruits, from each village and each town;
And the very boys protested, when they thought their rights molested?
My father used to tell us how the British General stared
With a curious, dazed expression when the youngsters in procession
Filed before him in a column, not a whit put out or scared.

Then the leader told his story,—told the haughty, handsome Tory
How his troops there, on the mall there (what you call "the common," dears),

All the winter through had vexed them, meddled
with them and perplexed them,
Flinging back to their remonstrance only laughter, threats, and sneers.

"What!" the General cried in wonder,—and his tones
were tones of thunder,—
"Are these the rebel lessons that your fathers taught you, pray?
Did they send such lads as you here, to make such
bold ado here,
And flout King George's officers upon the King's highway?"

Up the little leader started, while heat lightning
flashed and darted
From his blue eyes, as he answered, stout of voice, with all his might:
"No one taught us, let me say, sir,—no one sent us
here to-day, sir;
But we 're Yankees, Yankees, Yankees, and the
Yankees know their rights!

"And your soldiers at the first, sir, on the mall there,
did their worst, sir;
Pulled our snow hills down we 'd built there, broke the ice upon our pond.
'Help it, help it if you can, then!' back they answered
every man then,
When we asked them, sir, to quit it; and we said,
'This goes beyond

"'Soldiers' right or soldiers' orders, for we 've kept within our borders
To the south'ard of the mall there, where we 've always had our play!'"
"Where you always shall hereafter, undisturbed by threats or laughter
From my officers or soldiers. Go, my brave boys, from this day

"Troops of mine shall never harm you, never trouble or alarm you,"
Suddenly the British Gen'ral, moved with admiration, cried.
In a minute caps were swinging, five and twenty voices ringing
In a shout and cheer that summoned every neighbor far and wide.

And these neighbors told the story how the haughty, handsome Tory,
Bowing, smiling, hat in hand there, faced the little rebel band;
How he said, just then and after, half in earnest, half in laughter:
"So it seems the very children strike for freedom in this land!"

So I tell you now the story all about that old-time glory,
As my father's father told it long and long ago to me;

How they met and had it out there, what he called
their bloodless bout there;
How he felt—— "What! was he there, then?"
Why, the *leader,* that was he!

LAETITIA AND THE REDCOATS

BY LILLIAN L. PRICE

DAME WRIGHT had just taken the last loaves from the oven, and was dusting off some ashes from the wooden bread-shovel before she replaced it in its corner. Clear spring sunlight streamed into the kitchen, warming the stone floor to a deep brown color, and touching the mugs and platters on the dresser, till they fairly winked back its brightness. A robin outside was whistling gayly, and a long branch of lilac buds peeped in at the wide-swung upper door, as if desirous of finishing its career in the blue and gold pitcher which stood on the dresser, even before it had attained to bloom on its own native bush. A patter of flying feet sounded outside, and the lower door was flung hastily open, revealing a little figure in a long, blue cloak, the hood of which, fallen back, discovered a head of short-cropped, curly hair. Laetitia's eyes were dilated with surprise and terror, and before the aston-

"THE LOWER DOOR WAS FLUNG HASTILY OPEN, REVEALING A LITTLE FIGURE IN A LONG, BLUE CLOAK"

ished dame could comment on her disheveled appearance, she gasped out:

"Oh, Grandmother, the British are crossing the valley, and Master Paxton saith they will camp here at nightfall! He saith thou and Grandfather must hasten to depart at once. Thou shalt have two of his horses, and accompany him to the huts on the mountain side!"

"Neighbor Paxton is a kindly man. Calm thyself, Laetitia. When thou hast thy breath, run to the mill, child, and bid thy grandfather come. Alas! for these troublous times when the aged and children fly before the march of strong men!"

With a sad, anxious face, she began instant preparations, while Laetitia, hurriedly pulling her hood over her curls, sped down the path toward the mill. She met her grandfather coming home-

ward. He was old, feeble, and bent, clad in homespun.

"Laetitia," he said, as she trotted along at his side, "vex not thy grandmother this day with foolish terrors, but lend thy help like the willing little handmaiden that thou art, and remember that all things come from the hand of the Lord."

Laetitia glanced up at his face.

"But will not the redcoats spoil the house of goods and furniture, perhaps burn thy dear home, Grandfather, and thou an old man without sons —and Grandmother, too, so old?"

"I know not, my daughter. So far, the Lord hath spared my gray hairs, though this war hath taken the five boys, my five brave lads!" His voice shook. "But thou must be brave, Laetitia. Thou art our one ewe lamb."

"I will, then, Grandfather. Not another tear will I shed."

They entered the yard, bright with violet-sprinkled grass, and found Dame Wright busily packing what she could into secret places, and piling up household treasures, for burial in the woods. Laetitia flitted hither and yon all day, her nimble little feet and clever head saving the old people much worry and fatigue. She was

kneeling in a roomy closet upstairs, searching out her grandmother's camlet cloak, when her bright eyes fell on her grandfather's ink-horn and quill pen lying on some deep-blue paper. As she had gone about from room to room, up and down the old house, more and more the fear had grown upon her that it was for the last time. The thought of her grandparents homeless and desolate, of rough soldiers clanking about the house with devastating hands, filled the soft eyes with tears and caused her heart to throb. The ink and paper were a suggestion. She ran downstairs with the cloak, and finding that neither grandfather nor grandmother needed her at that instant, she returned to the closet and carefully prepared her writing materials.

The quill was new and the ink good. Slowly and thoughtfully the little fingers guided the goose-feather along the faint lines, first across one sheet, and then across another. When the task was finished, Laetitia raised her flushed face and surveyed the result with satisfaction, and no small degree of hope shone in her eyes. It ran:

"To the Redcoats: I am Laetitia Wright, aged fourteen, who live in this house with my grandparents. They are old and feeble folk, gentle and peaceful to

friend and foe. I pray you, dear Redcoats, spare their home to them, and do not burn nor ruin our house. Perhaps thou hast a little maid like me in England, and old parents. Thou couldst not burn the roof from over their heads, and in such pity and mercy, spare ours! We leave thee much to eat, and would leave thee more, were our store larger. Signed,

"LAETITIA WRIGHT."

This was neatly written on both papers, and Laetitia, tucking them into her pocket, slipped off to her duties with a lighter heart. The last preparations were soon made, and they started to join the little cavalcade already in line, to travel up the side of Orange Mountain to the log huts built there, in readiness for such invasions as this.

"Alas, my geese!" exclaimed Laetitia, when with tearful eyes they had turned their backs on the low, white house. "My geese are still in the pen, Grandmother! Let me hasten back and turn them loose."

Permission was given her, and away she darted across the brook, on its rough foot-log, and to the goose-pen. There were her snow-white geese and the gray gander. They were Laetitia's particular pride and care, and knew her well, but, only stopping to stroke one smooth back, she

opened the wicket and drove them, honking and hissing, into the woods. Then she pulled the papers from her pocket, and hastily slipping one below the kitchen door, she fastened the other on the front-door knocker, and, rejoining her grandparents, was soon mounted behind her grandfather in the little procession which wound slowly up the rough mountain road to shelter and safety.

At sunset the British reached the village, and though but a small detachment proceeded to occupy every available building. The peaceful quiet and exquisite neatness of the Wright homestead were rudely invaded by coarse laughter, loud shouts, and the tramp of heavy boots and chink of spurs.

One of the officers soon found and read the note of Laetitia's which was under the knocker, while a soldier, a stalwart, good-natured fellow, spelled out the other in the kitchen. Colonel Ross looked long and contemplatively at the crude, childish characters, and his stern face softened.

"Thou 'rt a bold little lass and a leal one," he muttered under his breath. "Thou must take us for fiends to destroy thy home after this." He glanced at the humble cottage so bravely pleaded for, and then across to the mountains, where a

"ONE OF THE OFFICERS SOON FOUND AND READ THE NOTE"

faint spring twilight was falling and the young moon shone out pale and clear.

Insensibly his thoughts drifted to his own English home, where that same moon would light up his little Cicely's casement. His own little lass! There was a heart under that terrible red jacket.

Striding into the kitchen, he found a knot of men commenting on the other letter, and his orders soon went forth that no pillage except for necessary food and fodder was to be indulged in throughout the village, and no damage was to be done to goods or furniture.

Just as the men, hungry and tired, were searching for supper, along the brook came Laetitia's geese toward their pen.

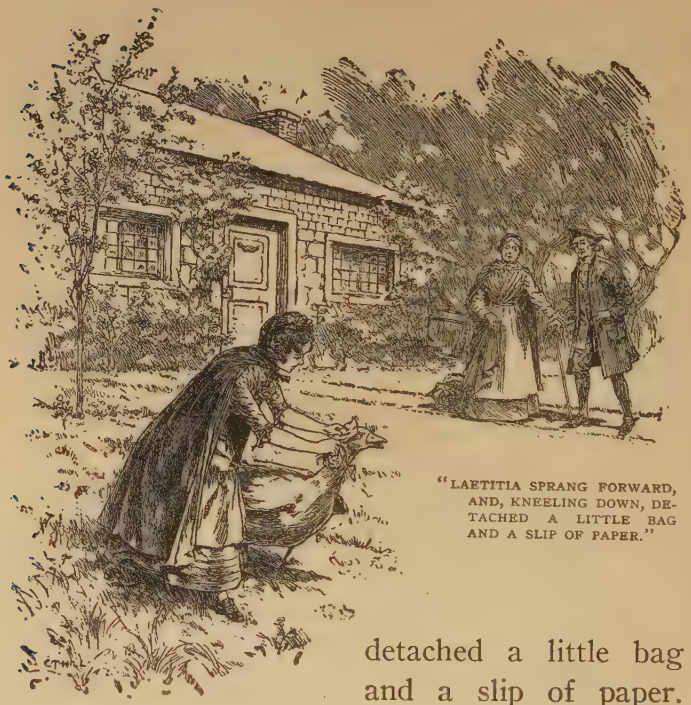
A shout welcomed them and they were quickly seized and dispatched. All but the gander. One young soldier had a knife raised to kill this squawking fowl, when he paused suddenly. "Mistress Laetitia, since this bird may be thine, I 'll spare him out of courtesy," he said, gayly, as he popped the old gander into the open pen. "He will make thee a good roast, ere thou hast the wherewithal to refill thy empty larder." So the solitary gander escaped with his life.

Next night, at sunset, the bugles blew the

marching-signal, and the sound echoed and re-echoed up the silent valley, penetrating to the little huts in the forest, where there was anxious watching for the red light of burning homes, and smoke of destroyed crops. But the night fell and waned, and not a glimmer shone to indicate such calamity to the fugitives. Early next morning the little band returned to the village. Instead of wailing and tears, shouts of joy and thanksgiving arose from every house. Dirt and disorder reigned supreme, but not one broken chair nor mutilated dish told of wanton recklessness. In a day or two all could be restored, except for the depopulated poultry roosts, and several pigs which were missing. The sown fields were not trampled, and the door-yard flowers still budded unharmed.

Laetitia's little heart beat with thankfulness, but she kept quite silent. As they dismounted before their own door she saw the disconsolate gander solemnly perambulating the green, like some self-imposed guardian. "Alas, for the rest of the flock!" cried Dame Wright. "But what has the fowl on its neck? Such a burden I never saw on gander before."

Laetitia sprang forward, and, kneeling down,



"LAETITIA SPRANG FORWARD, AND, KNEELING DOWN, DETACHED A LITTLE BAG AND A SLIP OF PAPER."

detached a little bag and a slip of paper. The bag chinked with coin, and a dimpled smile broke over her hitherto anxious little face as she read the slip.

"Listen, Grandmother, and dear Grandfather!" she cried, gleefully. Evidently the gay soldier had written it.

"Sweet Mistress Wright,
We bid you good-night,
'T is time for us soldiers to wander.

We 've paid for your geese,
A penny apiece,
And left the change with the gander.

"Though redcoats we be,
You plainly will see,
We know how to grant a petition.
With rough soldier care,
We 've endeavored to spare
Your homes in a decent condition."

It was signed by the colonel and by a number of the soldiers. Then, in reply to her grandparents' astonished questions, she shyly told them about her petitions, and the daring with which she had left them at the doors.

Fervent were the blessings called down on her pretty, curly head when the news was spread abroad, but she only laughed merrily and escaped them when she could.

"It is as thou saidst, Grandfather," she declared, as she tossed some corn to the bereft gander. "The Lord's hand stayed that of the enemy, and perhaps," stopping to pick a violet while a sweet look came into her face, "the redcoats have hearts like ours." "Ay, and obedient daughters to touch them to good deeds," said Dame Wright, as she lovingly kissed Laetitia's upturned face.

A YOUNG HERO

BY MARY S. NORTHROP

IN City Hall Park, New York city, stands the bronze statue of a young man, the story of whose brief life thrills all patriotic hearts.

The statue represents him pinioned, awaiting the gallows, as he uttered his last words.

Americans unite in admiration of his noble character, pride in his self-forgetful heroism, and grief over his untimely death. Every boy and girl in America should know by heart the life of Captain Nathan Hale. It is a story which every son and daughter of the great Republic should enshrine in their memories.

In the darkest hour of our country's struggle for liberty, this self-devoted hero—inspired with fervid patriotism and eager to render service to his country—laid down his young life, a sacrifice to the cause of American liberty.

The days and weeks that followed that memo-

BIRTHPLACE OF NATHAN HALE, COVENTRY, CONN.

rable Fourth of July in 1776 were dark indeed for the struggling colonists.

Determined to crush with one effort the insurrection in her American colonies, Great Britain sent that summer a larger force than any which had before landed upon our shores.

You know the story of the disastrous battle upon Long Island—where the few thousand ill-clothed, undisciplined provincial troops faced a splendidly equipped army, many regiments of which were veterans. The raw American troops, despite their courage and heroism, were no match for the trained and skilled soldiery of Great Britain; and even General Washington, undemonstrative and reserved as he was, is said to have wrung his hands in anguish upon seeing his troops defeated and driven back, he being powerless to aid them.

During the night of August 29, 1776, Washington escaped with the remainder of his little army across the East River.

The troops were so greatly depressed by their defeat, and were in so alarming a state of gloom and despondency, that men deserted by the score.

Washington sorely needed information of the strength and probable movements of the powerful

enemy. He deemed it necessary that some skilled soldier should go, as a spy, within the British lines, and procure for him the knowledge so much desired, that he might be "warned in ample time."

He wrote to General Heath that "everything depended upon obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions," and he entreated him and General Clinton to "leave no stone unturned" to secure information.

The commander-in-chief's desire became generally known among his officers, but so perilous was the service that for a time no one offered to undertake it.

Captain Nathan Hale, a brilliant young officer belonging to "Knowlton's Rangers," calmly decided it was his duty to undertake the enterprise upon which the fate of the dejected little army seemed to depend. His friends sought him in vain to dissuade him from his purpose. "I desire to be useful," was his reply; his only thought seemed to be to serve his country.

His fellow-officer and college friend, Captain William Hull, entreated him as a soldier not to run the risk of his military career by risking the ignominious death of a spy. Hale's reply to his

NATHAN HALE RECEIVING WASHINGTON'S INSTRUCTIONS

friend's argument was that "Every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

The young officer presented himself to General

Washington as a volunteer for the dangerous service, was accepted, received his instructions, and disappeared from camp.

He passed up the Connecticut shore, disguised himself as a schoolmaster, and landed upon Long Island. He visited all the British camps upon Long Island and in New York, and made drawings of the fortifications, writing his observations in Latin, and hiding them between the soles of his shoes.

He had been about two weeks within the British lines, had accomplished his purpose, and was waiting upon the shore at Huntington, Long Island, for a boat that was to convey him to Connecticut, when he was captured—having been recognized a few hours previous by a Tory refugee. He was taken aboard a British man-of-war, and carried to Sir William Howe's headquarters in New York city. Here he was condemned to be executed at sunrise on the following morning.

In what prison or guard-house the noble-souled young patriot spent that last sad night of his life is not known; but of the brutality with which he was treated by the provost marshal, into whose hands he was given over, there is abundant proof.

His request for the attendance of a clergyman was refused. Even a Bible was denied him.

During the preparations for the execution, an English officer obtained permission to offer the prisoner the seclusion of his tent, where writing materials were furnished.

But the farewell letters he wrote to his mother, to his sweetheart, and to a comrade in the army, were torn to shreds before his eyes by the cruel provost marshal.

It was early dawn on Sunday morning, September 22, 1776, that our young hero was hurried away from the tent of the English officer to the gallows. The spot selected was the orchard of Colonel Henry Rutgers, on East Broadway, not far above what is now Franklin Square.

A crowd had gathered, many of whom afterward bore witness to the noble bearing of the young hero, and to the barbarity with which he was treated by the provost marshal. This officer said: "The rebels shall never know they have a man who can die with such firmness."

As Hale was about to ascend the fatal scaffold, he stood for a moment looking upon the detachment of British soldiers, and the words that came from his loyal young heart in that supreme mo-

NATHAN HALE DISGUISED AS A SCHOOLMASTER WITHIN THE BRITISH LINES

ment will never die: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

It is not known in what spot his body was laid, but the bones of the young patriot crumbled to dust in the heart of the great metropolis of the republic he helped to found.

So long as love of country is cherished, and devotion to the cause of liberty is remembered, so long will the name of Nathan Hale shine with pure and undimmed luster.

The birthplace of our hero is in the town of Coventry, twenty miles east of Hartford in the State of Connecticut. Upon high ground, commanding a fine prospect, stands the large, old-fashioned farm-house where he was born. He was the sixth of twelve children: nine sons and three daughters. So delicate was he as an infant, it was feared he would not live; but when he became a lad, exercise in outdoor sports, of which he was very fond, gave strength and vigor to his body.

As a boy he was famous for his athletic feats. It is said he excelled all his fellows in running, leaping, wrestling, playing ball, and shooting at a mark. When a student at Yale College he made a prodigious leap which was marked upon the

Green in New Haven, and often pointed out long afterward. Colonel Green of New London, who knew him later when he was a schoolmaster in that town, speaking of Hale's agility, says: "He would put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it at a single bound; he would jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second, and from the bottom of the second over and down into a third, and from the third over and out like a cat.

He "loved the gun and fishing-rod, and exhibited great ingenuity in fashioning juvenile implements of every sort." He used jokingly to boast to his sisters over their spinning-wheels, that he "could do anything but spin!" His bright mind was quick to apply what he learned.

In those days high schools were unknown, and classical academies were confined to the large towns; so boys of the smaller towns who sought for a liberal education were prepared for college by the ministers, many of whom were accomplished scholars.

Doctor Joseph Huntington, the minister of the parish in which young Hale was born, "was considered in the churches a pattern of learning," and from him Nathan Hale and two brothers re-

ceived their preparation for college—being intended by their father for the ministry. Enoch at sixteen years of age, and Nathan at fourteen, entered Yale College together, and were graduated in 1773.

Doctor Eneas Munson of New Haven, says of Nathan Hale at this time: "He was almost six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and in figure and deportment he was the most manly man I have ever met. His chest was broad; his muscles firm; his face wore a most benign expression; his complexion was roseate; his eyes were light blue, and beamed with intelligence; his hair was soft and light brown in color; and his speech was rather low, sweet, and musical. His personal beauty and grace of manner were most charming. . . ."

At his graduation, he took part in a Latin dispute followed by a debate upon the question, "Whether the education of daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than that of the sons."

A classmate wrote of this debate: "Hale was triumphant. He was the champion of the daughters, and most nobly advocated their cause."

The year after his graduation from college, he taught school in the town of East Haddam.

When the news of the fight at Lexington rang through the colonies, Nathan Hale was master of the Union Grammar School in New London. A town meeting was at once called, at which the young schoolmaster made a stirring speech. "Let us march immediately," said he, "and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence."

The young teacher gathered his school-boys together, and, after giving them wise counsel, bade them an affectionate good-by, and hurried away with the other recruits to Boston.

He was soon made lieutenant in a company belonging to a regiment commanded by Colonel Webb, and the next year he was put in command of a company of a famous corps—Knowlton's Rangers, known as "Congress's Own."

One of the last letters written by Captain Hale before starting upon his perilous mission was to his brother Enoch. These brothers were very deeply attached to each other, and the grief of the young minister Enoch for his brother's tragic fate was most profound. It will bring the young

hero nearer to children of to-day, that Enoch's son, Nathan, was the father of the distinguished author of our own time, Edward Everett Hale, and of Lucretia P. Hale, especially well known to many young people as the author of the "Peterkin Papers."

When Captain Hale departed on his fatal errand, he left his uniform and camp accoutrements in the care of Asher Wright, a townsman who acted in the capacity of a servant to the young officer. Some years after his discharge from the service, Asher Wright returned to his old home in Coventry, bearing the precious relics: the camp basket, the camp book, and the tenderly-cared-for uniform of the young officer. He lived to extreme old age, but to his latest day he could not speak without tears of his young master. His grave is in the burial-ground at South Coventry, within a few feet of those of the Hale family, and near the granite monument erected in 1846 to the memory of the "Martyr Spy" of the American Revolution.

President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, grandfather of the present President of the University, was Nathan Hale's college tutor. He

THE EXECUTION OF THE YOUNG PATRIOT

commemorated Hale's career in a poem, highly praising the character and qualities of his former student.

Four years after the execution of Captain Hale, Major André was captured within the American lines; it was Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a college classmate and dear friend of Nathan Hale's, who conducted André to Washington's headquarters; and on the way thither André talked of Hale and his fate.

Lafayette, in his memoirs, speaking of these two young officers, says:

"Captain Hale of Connecticut, a distinguished young man, beloved by his family and friends, had been taken on Long Island under circumstances of the same kind as those that occasioned the death of Major André; but instead of being treated with the like respect, to which Major André himself bore testimony, Captain Hale was insulted to the last moment of his life. 'This is a fine death for a soldier!' said one of the English officers who were surrounding the cart of execution. 'Sir,' replied Hale, lifting up his cap, 'there is no death which would not be rendered noble in such a glorious cause!'"

A fine bronze monument to the memory of Nathan Hale is in the vestibule of the State Cap-

itol, Hartford, Connecticut. It was erected in 1887, a large sum of money being voted toward its cost by the State of Connecticut. It bears the inscription:

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE
1776
BORN AT COVENTRY
June 6, 1755
BURIED AT NEW YORK
Sept. 22, 1776

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

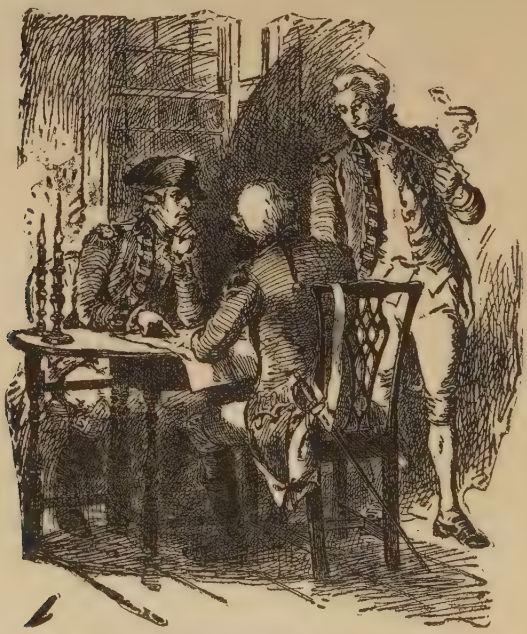
But it is most fitting that the latest monument to his memory should stand in the city of New York near the spot where he suffered death for his country.

HOW A WOMAN SAVED AN ARMY

BY H. A. OGDEN

IT was in the winter of 1777–78, during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British troops, that a patriot woman inside of the enemy's lines performed an act of great service to her country. Not far away, at Whitemarsh, General Washington's army was encamped. It had recently suffered defeat in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and the outlook was most discouraging. In Philadelphia the British soldiers, commanded by General Howe, were quartered in comfortable barracks, while their officers had selected the most commodious and elegant houses in which to enjoy the winter. In one of these houses lived a Quaker gentleman named Darrah, his wife Lydia, and their younger children; their oldest son was an officer in the patriot army. With them General Howe's adjutant-general took up his quarters, and secured a back room in which private councils could be held.

Just before one of these councils, in the early part of December, Lydia Darrah was told to retire early with her family, as the British officers

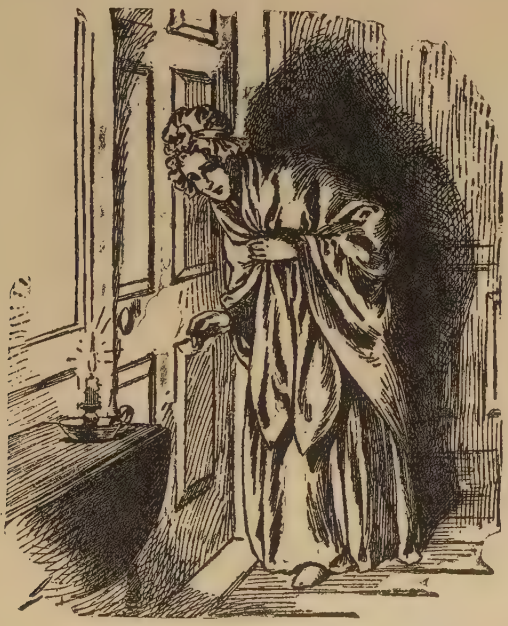


THE BRITISH OFFICERS IN COUNCIL

would require the room at seven o'clock, and would remain late. The adjutant-general added that the officers would send for her to let them out and to extinguish the fire and candles. Now, as the officer was so particular, Lydia suspected that

some expedition against the patriot army was to be arranged.

She sent all the family to bed, and, taking off



"CREPT SOFTLY BACK AND LISTENED AT THE DOOR"

her shoes, crept softly back and listened at the door. By this piece of eavesdropping, which the zealous woman no doubt felt was entirely justified as a war expedient, she learned it was decided to issue an order that all the British troops should

march out, late on the fourth of December, to surprise General Washington and his army.

Having learned this important decision, Mrs. Darrah retired to her room, and, lying down, feigned to be asleep. When one of the officers knocked at the door, she did not reply until the summons had been several times repeated.

After the departure of the officers she hardly knew what to do, in order to get word of the intended surprise to Washington. She knew it lay in her power to save the lives of thousands of her countrymen. She dared not consult even her husband. She decided to go herself and convey the information. The Darrahs' stock of flour being almost out, and it being customary in those days for people to send or go to the mills themselves, Lydia told her husband that she would go for more. He wanted his wife to send their servant, or to take a companion, but Lydia insisted on going alone.

As the mill was some distance from the city, a pass through the British lines must be obtained; and Lydia's first step was to procure the document from General Howe. Having secured the pass, she made her way over the snowy roads, and reached the mill. Leaving her flour-bag to

"SHE BEGGED HIM TO DISMOUNT AND WALK WITH HER'

be filled, she hurried on in the direction of the American camp, and before long met a party of patriot cavalrymen commanded by an officer whom she knew. He inquired where she was going. Mrs. Darrah said she was going to see her son, one of his comrades; at the same time she begged him to dismount and walk with her. Ordering his troops to remain within sight, he did so. She then told her important secret, after his promise not to betray his source of information, lest her life might be forfeited thereby. Conducting her to a house near at hand, and seeing that she had some refreshments, the American officer galloped off to headquarters, where General Washington was at once informed of the intended attack. The necessary preparations were of course made for receiving and repelling the enemy's "surprise."

Returning home with her flour, Lydia sat up alone, to watch the intended movement of the British. The regular tramp of feet passed the door, then all was silence; nor was her anxiety to know the result at an end until the officers' return, a day or two later. Although she did not dare to ask a question, imagine her alarm when the adjutant-general told her that he wished to ask her

"WE MARCHED BACK—LIKE A PARCEL OF FOOLS!"

some questions; she felt sure that she either had been betrayed or was suspected. He inquired very particularly whether her husband or any of the children were up on the night they had held their last consultation. Lydia replied: "The family all retired at seven o'clock, as you requested." He then remarked: "I know *you* were asleep; for I knocked on your door at least three times before you answered me. We are entirely at a loss to understand who could have given Washington information of our proposed attack, unless these walls could speak. When we arrived near their encampment we found all their cannon in position, and their troops ready for us; and not being prepared for a regular battle with the Americans, we marched back—like a parcel of fools!"

THE BULB OF THE CRIMSON TULIP

BY LILLIAN L. PRICE

THE village lay dusty and dozing in the hot sunshine of an early summer day. In the church steeple the bell rang out three of the afternoon.

The broad highway was almost deserted, save for a waddling flock of ducks crossing toward the wayside brook, and an old man, with silvery gray locks neatly tied in a queue, who leaned upon a garden wicket and watched his opposite neighbor.

She was a little slip of a lass in a brown stuff dress and plain cap, kneeling, trowel in hand, beside a bed of tulips which glowed scarlet and yellow and white in the bright sunshine, while she slowly and with infinite care raised a beautiful crimson blossom from the mold and transplanted it to a flower-pot.

Then, rising with the posy clasped in her arm, she came down to the gateway and looked anxiously up the "Broad Street."

Grandpapa Davis nodded and smiled at her standing there, an erect, graceful little figure, with a look of thoughtful care upon her face. The shadows of the newly leaved trees blotched and flickered upon the highway. Beyond lay the military green, with its long rows of elms arching over a pathway, and out of their shadowy distance appeared a gleam of scarlet, which proved to be a tall soldier walking slowly along, flourishing his riding-whip. Grandpapa Davis and the little maid exchanged glances. His was one of deep anxiety; hers, of questioning fear.

Both thought instantly of the evening before, when the roadway glimmered in faint starlight, and a wounded rider crept up in the fragrant May darkness to the cottage gate. There he was assisted from the horse by women's hands, and disappeared within the cottage, bowered in its budding vines. Grandpapa recalled Margaret, standing in the candle-light of his kitchen, telling him her brother's story. The anxiety of a woman replaced the pretty, roguish joking she was wont to parry with him.

Mahlon Ross had ridden from Elizabethtown with a cipher of importance from Maxwell of that place to General Washington, lying at Morris-

town. While crossing the Salt Meadows his horse had thrown him, and he was able to go forward only to his home, where he arrived fainting in his saddle.

"Whom shall we trust to carry the papers onward?" Margaret had asked the old man.

"Ford Halsey of the mill," he answered promptly. "He is in York Town on business, and will be back by the coach to-morrow noon. Ford rides like the wind, and knows every byway as well as an Indian."

As Margaret watched the coming British soldier she anxiously scanned the highway beyond him in the direction of the Halseys' mill, whither her mother had ridden to interview Ford. No welcome figures of horse and rider appeared in the sunny loneliness of the broad highway. A robin whistled in the tree-top, the soldier lounged slowly along, and drowsy silence reigned.

Her grandmother's gentle old face, framed in its cap and kerchief, appeared above the blue half-door.

"Margaret!" she called softly.

Margaret turned hastily.

"Dear heart," said the old woman, "it has just struck three. What keeps thy mother?"

The little maid shook her head.

"'Old Dobs' sleeps and dreams with mother on his back," she said. "Oh, I would that he felt my birching! If his lazy hoofs kept time to my heart-beats he would be here. Grandmother, is Mahlon safe, lying in the stable-loft? I see a red-coat yonder."

"Tut!" cried the old woman, sharply. "Even the spring wind has ears in days like these! Be mindful of what thou sayest, my child!"

Then, seeing the flower, she exclaimed: "What art thou doing, lass? Why hast thou potted a tulip to-day?"

"'T was promised to Cicely Halsey for this afternoon. 'T is her birthday, and she admires this tulip. It is most rare of color. I thought later to ride to the mill to give it to her."

Her glance strayed from the blossom in her arms to the soldier crossing the road. Then, with a thought kindling in her face, she gave her grandmother a swift look, and fled, without another word, around the corner of the house. Setting the tulip on the bench-seat of the rear porch, she went on to the barn, where her sick brother lay concealed, and returned almost immediately with something clasped under her ker-

chief. One pull, and the tulip came out of the pot, the mold scattering over the porch seat. Catching up a knife, she parted the bulb in halves and hollowed out the centers. In the bottom of the pot she placed a packet of paper drawn from her bosom, and within the hollowed bulb she hid the strip of precious cipher. With hands that lost no time, she repotted the cherished flower, cleared away the traces, and stood looking down upon it regretfully.

"If any redcoat must have Mahlon's papers, I would rather it were thee," she said, stroking a satin petal of her tulip. "I did so hate to wound thee—I who nursed thee from a sprout!" And with a little childish quiver of the lips, she stooped and kissed the flower before entering the house.

The grandmother sat knitting.

"I like not that redcoat soldier sniffing our lilac-bushes so closely," said Margaret. "I would mother were returned! But I have thought of a way to get the papers to Ford under the very nose of the redcoat, if need be—which God grant not! I fear there are other soldiers of his kind in the village."

The old lady sighed and shook her head. "War breeds old thoughts in young minds. 'T is

ill to judge the errand of a man by the color of his coat, lass. For the papers, I 'll trust thy wit."

Margaret flitted restlessly from table to dresser. A small chicken, under her skilled fingers, was soon bubbling in the pot. A head of lettuce lay crisply piled on a dish, and out of the oven she drew a freshly baked loaf. With her back to the doorway, she did not see a shadow fall across the sanded brick, as the redcoat soldier, leaning his arms on the ledge of the half-door, looked keenly about the little kitchen.

"Lass!" cried his hearty voice, thick with the Yorkshire accent, "thou seemest too busy even so much as to hear soldier boots crunching thy door-yard gravel—though I tried most manfully to steal a march on thee, I 'll confess."

Margaret turned and faced him steadfastly, while the grandmother's knitting dropped to her lap at the first sound of his voice. Neither spoke. "Hast thou a well?" he continued. "I 'm fain to drink! This road-tramping is churlish business. And ye have churlish folk in this town. Faith, I 've no opinion of their eyes and ears! General Knyphausen would better have sent one of his own Hessians than us; he had learned fully as much."

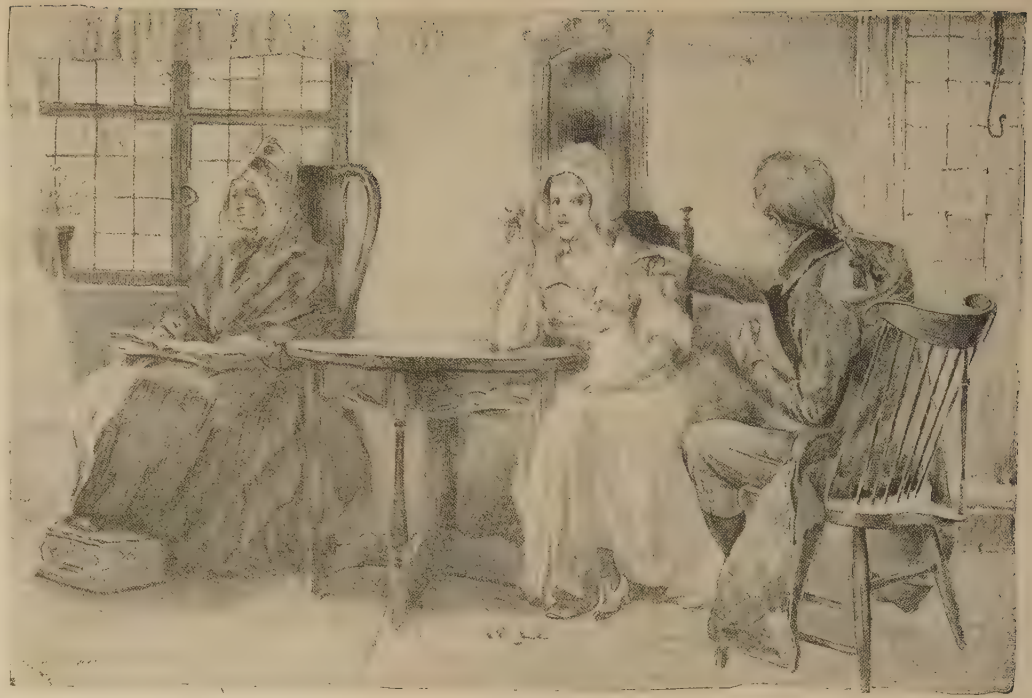
"Thou art from Yorkshire," said Grandmother Ross, mildly. "Since thou art thirsty, wouldst thou drink a glass of elder wine, and eat a slice of rice-cake made after the fashion of the mother-land?"

"Why, now!"—the broad red face glowed with pleasure and astonishment—"that 's the first civil word I have heard this day! Madam, I do assure you, that wakes the heart in me, and makes me loath to take thy hospitality and do my soldier's errand here."

A flush of surprise almost matching the soldier's had swept over Margaret's face at her grandmother's words. But now she stepped forward courteously. "Nay," she said, setting a rush-bottomed chair for him in the cool breeze of the doorway, "thou mayst taste my mother's wine, for thou art weary and a wayfarer. Later, if needs must, we can talk of war."

The soldier dropped into the chair, with his clanking spurs rattling on the bricks, and drank thankfully the draught of water Margaret dipped from the well-curb bucket and brought to him.

"Ah, that takes the blaze of the sun out of the blood!" he said. His face softened as he watched her prepare the cake and wine for him.



A BRITISH INVASION

When she placed them before him, the grandmother said gently: "'T is wine, sir, of the real English smack, being a recipe of my mother's, and I hope thou 'lt like the cake."

"I like them ay well," he growled, as the spicy wine fell clearly into the glass, "but not to repay thee with saucy questions."

The old woman sighed softly. "Sir, if saucy questions be thy duty, do not shirk aught of it. Hospitality is a duty, too."

"I am looking for a lad who should have ridden by here on a roan horse last eventide."

"One of thine own men?" asked Margaret, steadily, though with an effort.

The soldier stared at her.

"Beshrew me not," he said, laughing. "Do we waylay our own messengers?"

"Then art thou not tapping at folly's wicket to ask us to betray ours?" she returned.

He surveyed her slowly, from the white cap to the tiny buckled slippers, and said soberly: "Lass, all the folk of this town are not rebels; neither must an answer be always yea or nay to be useful."

While she set the plate and glass upon the dresser, he stared gloomily out into the sunshine.

"Hast thou kith or kin fighting against the king?" he asked.

"Yes," said Margaret, standing by her grandmother's chair; "my father and my brother. Sir, had I seen twenty horsemen riding by, thou knowest I would not tell thee!"

He looked sharply at her again under his bushy brows, and shook his head.

"What if I tell thee I must search thy dwelling?" he said, scanning her face.

"My grandmother is old and I am young. Our doors lie open to thee. Naught could hinder thee. Neither of us would ask thee not to. If that be thy present duty, follow it; yet it sets not well with thy question."

Margaret swung open the porch door, where the scarlet tulip drooped its head, and the soldier glanced past it, beyond the double rows of tasseled currant-bushes, to the door of the little barn. A sound of hoof-beats stopping in front directed his glance to the highway again.

Dame Ross slowly dismounted from Old Dobs at the horse-block, and Margaret said, "It is my mother." She glanced at her grandmother. "Mother has been to mill, sir," she volunteered to the soldier.

"Thou ridest thine own grist to mill, eh?" he said, with returning good humor. Then, as the dame put out her hand for the heavy sack, he suddenly strode down to the garden gate, and, sweeping a low bow to the startled woman, said, "May I not put this on the kitchen floor for thee, or in the stable?"

Mrs. Ross turned herself to Dobs's bridle to hide the deadly whiteness of her face. The soldier stood there, smiling cheerfully.

"If thou wilt put the flour on the kitchen floor, I will thank thee. It is much courtesy from a stranger. I knew not that my roof entertained a guest of thy coat," she said at length.

"Nay, I 'm not of thy convictions," laughed the soldier, laying the sack upon his scarlet shoulder; "but my mother taught me courtesy to a woman ere the king taught me soldiering."

Margaret met her mother upon the threshold. "I am so glad thou art come," she said, mutely reading her face, as she laid her hand on her mother's bonnet-strings to undo them. "I feared I should not get to Cicely's to keep birthday tea with her. Mother, our guest is a wayfaring soldier." She looked at him apologetically for this poor introduction.

The dame felt the scrutiny of a keen pair of eyes fixed upon her face.

"Madam," he said, "my errand is to ask a question. Hast thou seen a lad on a roan horse riding by thy doorway?"

"Which way should the lad have been riding?" asked the dame, tying on her house-apron; "for, though the highway is a broad one, it leads as easily to Elizabethtown as to Morristown. Riders choose both ways to do their galloping. Dost thou take us for Tories, to ask us such a question? I wonder at thee!"

The soldier laughed restlessly. "I was not built to prowl in cottage gardens," he said uneasily, picking up his whip from the floor.

Margaret had slipped out and tethered Old Dobs to the pear-tree. Now she came in by the back porch door, calmly carrying her potted crimson tulip.

"Mother," she said, placing the flower upon the table and reaching for her straw bonnet, "'t is late to visit Cicely, but I think I will go, as I promised. I see shower-caps rising out of the west, and I want to get the tulip there before the rain."

"'T is a bonny flower," said the soldier, lifting

the pot and sniffing the blossom. "Dost thou ride to a birthday feast?"

"Only to carry a token to a friend," she replied, looking wistfully up at him, standing there with the tulip in his arms.

The dame had assented to Margaret's request, and now sat down to her knitting. A waft of cool, scented mountain air suddenly swayed the white curtain of a west window. "I sniff a shower in that breeze," said Margaret. "Sir, I must go. Good day to you"; and she reached for her flower.

"Not so fast," he said, smiling quizzically upon her. "I must go, too. I shall seek no further in this town. My question seems like saying, 'Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed.' Whither ridest thou, little hostess—north or south? If north, I beg to go with thee. My horse is tethered back of the church."

"I go north, sir," said Margaret, her eyes resting on the flower, which drooped now on the soldier's broad breast as he still retained it in his arms.

"North? That is well. Wilt thou point out the turn to the Bloomfield road?" And he followed her down the garden pathway.

"'SIR, I MUST GO. GOOD DAY TO YOU'; AND SHE REACHED FOR HER FLOWER"

"Gladly," said Margaret, as she mounted nimbly to Old Dobs's back. "'T is only a bit beyond the mill road. Sir, I can carry my tulip now."

"Thou wilt not have a redcoat cavalier, eh, to bear it for thee?" he said, laughing, as he delivered the precious pot into her outstretched hand.

Margaret grasped it, a wave of intense relief following the tension of uncertainty of the last few minutes. She pulled Dobs's bridle with a lighter heart, when a loud whinny in the little stable beyond suddenly broke the stillness.

The soldier turned his head and listened. In the swift action lay so shrewd a suspicion that the little heart beating behind the flower-pot stood almost still, but the serene look in Margaret's eyes never wavered.

"I fear we shall soon have a shower," she said, calmly meeting the soldier's gaze. "'Dapple' is whinnying, for he feels the thunder. Come, Dobs, thou must do thine errand briskly, if thou wouldst not have a wet skin."

She nodded to her mother and grandmother, and the soldier took a gallant leave of them; then together they disappeared up the road in a cloud of sifting golden dust.

The busy hoppers of the old mill hummed and sung in the afternoon stillness. Cicely Halsey had moved her flax-wheel into a little arbor back in the mill garden, whence she could overlook the stable-yard and Ford, who was sitting in a doorway, booted and spurred.

Suddenly up the road came Margaret riding, Old Dobs taking long, surprised strides, such as stirred in his dull brain certain memories of his youth. With flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Margaret ran up the garden path, and, bursting into the little arbor, flung the tulip upon the table.

"Where is Ford?" she cried. "Will he ride, Cicely? Will he ride?"

"Will he ride?" said Cicely, in astonishment. "He has been booted and spurred this half-hour, and waits but the papers. Did not thy mother tell thee?"

Margaret shook her head, and then, without a word, wrenched the tulip from the pot.

"Why, now!" exclaimed Cicely. "What art thou doing? That is my crimson tulip thou art tumbling from the pot! Is that the way—"

But Margaret was running stable-ward with the stalkless bulb and a packet in her hands, leav-

ing Cicely speechless with dismay, surveying the dying flower and the heap of dirt.

Ford, getting the papers, simply looked inside the bulb, and, with a shrewd, intelligent nod to Margaret, slipped it into his pocket, mounted his horse, and rode away. Margaret swung the barred gate behind him, and turned, to find Cicely at her elbow. A long, distant roll of thunder sounded in the west. A gust of wind swept the garden, and puffed fragrantly into Margaret's face. She turned to Cicely.

"Thank God, Ford is gone!" she said. "The English evidently have learned that a messenger was sent with important news to Morristown. More likely they also know of Mahlon's hurt. A redcoat, looking, as I feared, for his hiding-place, came to the house this afternoon. I thought he would search the place, and so I hid the papers in thy flower, knowing I could get Grandpap Davis to ride with them to thee, if worst came to worst. Now I fear their return to take my brother prisoner. Nay, do not look so frightened, Cicely. I saved the papers, and I must save Mahlon. I saw a look in the soldier's eyes when Dapple whinnied! The very roan he was so keen to find! Thou seest I must pace it home, dear."

Dobs, wounded and puzzled at his mistress's heartless urging of his lazy old legs, almost galloped to the home door, and the thunder rolled and muttered. A grayness had quenched the afternoon light, and the hush that preludes the storm lay over house and garden as Margaret entered the kitchen.

"Ford is well on the way, and the papers with him," she said, in answer to her mother's anguished glance. "The soldier did not ride off with the tulip. But I fear he will return. We must hide Mahlon in Grandpap Davis's old sugar-house, across the huckleberry swamp, and tie Dapple in the clearing. Rain or not, ill or not, Mahlon must go."

With the first big drops of the rain the little train set out across the fields, and as it poured down faster and faster, all traces of Dapple's hoofs were washed from the dusty pathway they had taken. In an hour the sick lad was under cover and the shower had passed.

The garden lay sweet and damp and dripping in the evening twilight, and Margaret was stooping to raise and bind back some storm-beaten sprays of a rose-bush, when at the gate five redcoat horsemen drew rein.

"'DAME, I MUST SEARCH THIS DWELLING'"

Margaret dropped her hammer in the mold. Inside the doorway the grandmother never ceased her knitting, and upon the porch appeared the dame's quiet figure. The soldier of the afternoon came up the path, with his companions following him. Margaret's first keen glance at him showed how entirely he had become simply an English soldier in discharge of his duty.

"I learn that the rider whom I seek lieth ill in this cottage," he said sternly. "Dame, I must search this dwelling."

"'T is easy to war on women," she said, sighing.

The soldier glanced at Margaret. "They shall do no more than is needful," he promised.

They clanked their way across the kitchen floor. The rough soldier voices rose and fell, and then she heard her mother's quiet, clear tones. Both stalls in the stable were empty, for Dobs was out in the pasture with Grandpapa Davis's old roadster. The hay where Mahlon lay Margaret's own arms had retossed. The fireflies began to twinkle in the garden ere the search was given up.

Then the soldiers rounded the house corner, and Margaret, sitting on the step, arose. The

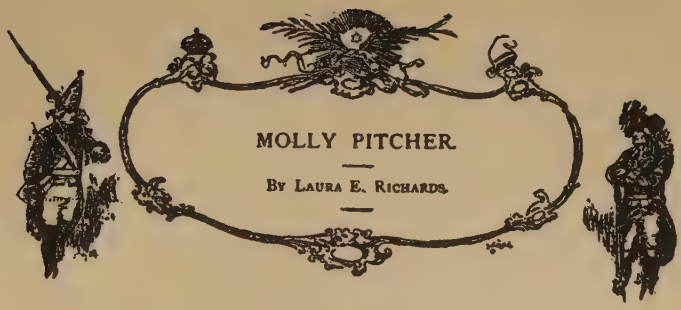
tall soldier stopped, while his companions strolled on to the gate, plucking flowers.

"I did not find thy brother," he said gravely, "and perchance thou knowest why. If his hurt was slight, no doubt he rides to Morristown. Thou art a brave little woman. Wilt thou bid me good night?" He put out his hand, and Margaret took it heartily.

The despatches reached General Washington in safety from Ford's hand, as he was about to journey to Springfield, and Mahlon, recovering, soon rode Dapple back to his post.

Three years later Margaret stood beside her brother in New York City and watched the British troops leaving the country. Suddenly in the marching ranks a soldier caught sight of her sober little face, and a bright smile of recognition brought an answering flash to her face.

It was the tall redcoat; and Margaret's friendly little hand waving to him as he left her shores gave token that kinship of heart wiped out remembrance of that sharp peril which had rent in twain the bulb of the crimson tulip.



MOLLY PITCHER.

By Laura E. Richards.

Pitcher the gunner is brisk and young;
He 's a lightsome heart and a merry tongue,
An ear like a fox, an eye like a hawk,
A foot that would sooner run than walk,
And a hand that can touch the linstock home
As the lightning darts from the thunder-dome.
He hates a Tory; he loves a fight;
The roll of the drum is his heart's delight;
And three things rule the gunner's life:
His country, his gun, and his Irish wife.
Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here 's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

The sun shoots down on Monmouth fight
His brazen arrows broad and bright.
They strike on sabers' glittering sheen,
On rifle-stock and bayonet keen;
They pierce the smoke-cloud gray and dim,
Where stand the gunners swart and grim,

Firing fast as shot can flee
At the foe they neither hear nor see.
Where all are brave, the bravest one,
Pitcher the gunner, serves his gun.
Oh, Molly, Molly, haste and bring
The sparkling water from the spring,
To drive the heat and thirst away,
And keep your soldier glad and gay!

A bullet comes singing over the brow,
And—Pitcher's gun is silent now.
The brazen throat that roared his will,
The shout of his warlike joy, is still.
The black lips curl, but they shoot no flame,
And the voice that cries on the gunner's name
Finds only its echo where he lies
With his steadfast face turned up to the skies.
Oh, Molly, Molly, where he lies
His last look meets your faithful eyes;
His last thought sinks from love to love
Of your darling face that bends above.

"No one to serve in Pitcher's stead?
Wheel back the gun!" the captain said;
When, like a flash, before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, with eyes of flame,
And lips that falter the gunner's name.
"Wheel back *his* gun, that never yet
His fighting duty did forget?

"'HIS VOICE SHALL SPEAK, THOUGH HE BE DEAD;
I'LL SERVE MY HUSBAND'S GUN!' SHE SAID"

His voice shall speak, though he lie dead;
I 'll serve my husband's gun!" she said.
Oh, Molly, now your hour is come!
Up, girl, and strike the linstock home!
Leap out, swift ball! Away! away!
Avenge the gunner's death to-day!

All day the great guns barked and roared;
All day the big balls screeched and soared;
All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
Who toiled in their smoke-shroud dense and dim,
Sweet Molly labored with courage high,
With steady hand and watchful eye,
Till the day was ours, and the sinking sun
Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
And Molly standing beside her gun.
Now, Molly, rest your weary arm!
Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.
Now, woman, bow your aching head,
And weep in sorrow o'er your dead!

Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm, stands Washington,
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed—
A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
Masking a woman's petticoat.
He greets our Molly in kindly wise;
He bids her raise her fearful eyes;

And now he hails her before them all
Comrade and soldier, whate'er befall.
"And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!"
Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here 's to you!
Sweet Honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION

BY W. W. CRANNELL

IN the early part of the year 1777, the leaders of the Revolution found themselves faced by new and very perplexing embarrassments. It was reported that General Burgoyne had arrived at Quebec, purposing to advance from the North with a strong support; hearing which, General Schuyler, fearful that the enemy might capture Ticonderoga and then force their way to Albany, strenuously called for reënforcements and supplies. It was also reported that the British were active in and around New York, having received large reënforcements composed partly of German mercenaries. Early in June, Sir William Howe left his headquarters in New York, crossed the river into New Jersey, and established himself at New Brunswick.

In the Continental Army, the terms of service

of many of the men who had enlisted for a year or less were expiring; and they, anxious to be released from the severe duties of soldier-life, were returning to their homes. Men were wanted to fill up the ranks thus depleted, and the several States were urged to furnish the recruits. General Knox wrote, "Nothing but the united efforts of every State in America can save us from disgrace and probably from ruin." To this appeal no State responded more readily than Connecticut; and when the great struggle was over, Washington wrote, "If all the States had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago."

It was during these disheartening times, or, to be exact, on the twentieth day of June, 1777, that Richard Lord Jones, a boy who had but just passed his tenth birthday, fired by the same spirit of patriotism that animated the breasts of the lusty farmers of that day, offered himself as a volunteer to serve in the ranks for his oppressed country.

Richard was born at Colchester, Conn., on the fifteenth day of May, 1767. He enlisted at Hartford, for the term of three years, in Captain James Watson's company of the Third Connecticut Regi-

ENTERTAINING BRITISH OFFICERS IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

ment, commanded by Colonel Samuel B. Webb, the father of the venerable General James Watson Webb, and was the youngest enlisted person on the pay-roll of the Army of the Revolution. He was immediately placed under the charge of Bandmaster Ballentine, and instructed to play the fife. In a short time, he showed so much proficiency that he was deemed one of the best fifers in the regiment.

About two months after Richard's enlistment, he was sent to the regiment, at White Plains. After remaining there a short time he, with the regiment, went on up the Hudson to Peekskill, the headquarters of General Putnam, whose command embraced the fortified posts in the Highlands on both sides of the river. On the sixth day of October, 1777, Forts Clinton and Montgomery, situated on the west side of the river, were captured by the enemy under Sir Henry Clinton. Putnam with his troops on the east side, unable to render timely assistance, after being under arms all night, started early in the morning and retreated up the Hudson, our young soldier breakfasting, before the start, on a hard biscuit and a slice of raw pork. When opposite New Windsor, Putnam detached one division of his

forces under Governor George Clinton, which crossed the river; while he, with the other, continued up the east side to protect the country from the ravages of the enemy, who had removed the obstructions in the Hudson and were on their way up the river. Dick, as he was familiarly called, went with the troops under Governor Clinton, who continued the march until within sight of Kingston, which was found in flames, having been fired by the enemy under General Vaughn, who had preceded Clinton by a few hours.

During a halt on the way, the arrest of the British spy, Daniel Taylor, was made. From Dick's statement it appears that Sergeant Williams, of Colonel Webb's regiment, and another soldier, strolled away from the camp a short distance, and fell in with two men, one of whom questioned the sergeant as to who was in command. Upon the sergeant's answering "Clinton," the stranger said that he would like to see him; whereupon Williams conducted him to Governor Clinton's quarters. On being presented to the Governor, the stranger appeared confused, and said that this was not the man he wished to see. He then swallowed hastily something which he put into his mouth. This act immediately ex-

cited the suspicions of the Governor, who called for a physician and had an emetic administered which brought forth a small silver bullet. Upon its being opened, a note was revealed intended for the British general, Burgoyne, and written by Sir Henry Clinton. It contained the information that "nothing but Gates was between them." (General Gates was then in command of the American forces farther up the Hudson.) The man who was captured supposed that he was in the British camp, as Colonel Webb's regiment wore a uniform similar to that worn by the British army; and he was also deceived by hearing the name "Clinton," believing it to be Sir Henry, Commander of the British forces, instead of Governor George Clinton, who was in command of the Americans. Taylor was condemned as a spy and executed.

At Hurley, a small village west of Kingston, the regiment remained about two weeks. There the news was received of the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates, and also of the retreat of the British on the Hudson to New York. The regiment was then ordered to Norwalk, Conn., and was soon after engaged in an enterprise, planned by General Putnam, having in view the

destruction of a large quantity of lumber on the east end of Long Island, which was being prepared by the enemy for their barracks in New York. General Samuel M. Parsons was intrusted with the execution of the enterprise, aided by Colonel Webb, who was to land near Huntington. Parsons succeeded in destroying the lumber and one of the enemy's vessels, and returned safely with his entire party unhurt and twenty of the enemy prisoner; but Colonel Webb was not so fortunate, he having encountered in his passage the British sloop of war "Falcon." Being in a common transport without guns, he could not offer battle or attempt a defense; so he was obliged to steer for a creek on Long Island. He reached it, but missing the channel, the vessel struck on a bar at its mouth. Colonel Webb and the captain of the vessel then took to the small boat on the windward side, and Dick was called for by the colonel, with whom he was a great favorite; but a stout soldier had already taken him in his arms and was clambering over the side of the sloop, when the small boat upset. The surf was running high, but Colonel Webb caught a rope on the lee side, and regained a footing on board the vessel again. The captain swam

the creek and was rescued by some people on shore.

In the meantime the "Falcon" had anchored and begun firing, and as there was no chance to escape, the colors were struck and the enemy took possession. When the tide permitted, the sloop was floated off and taken to Newport, R. I., with the colonel, four officers, twenty privates of his regiment, and forty militia, all picked men.

Upon the arrival of the prisoners at Newport, they were taken before a British officer for examination. The colonel being called forward was followed by Dick, who was anxious to learn what his own fate was to be. The British officer noticing the little fellow at the heels of his colonel, sternly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am one of King Hancock's men," answered Dick, straightening himself proudly.

"What can *you* do for him?" asked the officer, with a smile, and so strong an emphasis on the "you" that Dick answered defiantly:

"I can fight for him."

"Can you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick promptly, and then

added, after a little hesitation, "if he is not much bigger than I."

The officer called forward the boatswain's boy, who had been curiously looking on; then turning to the young continental, asked:

"Dare you fight him?"

Dick gave the Briton, who was considerably larger than he, a hasty survey, and then answered:

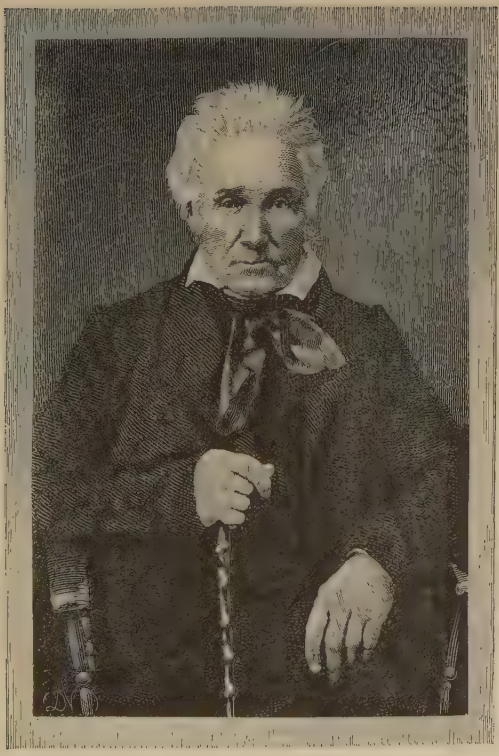
"Yes, sir."

"Then strip," said the officer, and turning to the British lad, "strip, and do battle for King George."

Both boys divested themselves of all superfluous clothing as rapidly as possible, and went to work at once, and in dire earnest. It was a "rough and tumble" fight; first one was on top and then the other, cheered in turn by cries of, "Give it to him, King Hancock!" and "Hurrah for King George!"

It was a memorable encounter for both contestants, but at last the courageous little rebel got the better of his adversary. The young Briton shouted "enough," and was rescued from the embrace of his furious antagonist.

With a generosity natural to great minds, but seldom displayed during the War of Indepen-



RICHARD LORD JONES, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY

dence, the British officer ordered the discharge of our young hero, for his pluck, and he was set at liberty. About the same time, Colonel Webb was released on parole, and in company they left on a small sloop for Providence, where horses were procured on which they continued their journey to Norwich. At this place they found Major Ebenezer Huntington, of their regiment, at the house of his father. They journeyed on through Wethersfield, and in less than a week Dick arrived at his father's house in Hartford. After remaining at home a short time, he rejoined his regiment at West Point, which, owing to the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the military authorities had decided to fortify. Huts were built in the upper edge of the bank, just below the point, and here the winter of 1777 was passed. Early in the spring of 1778, the regiment, under Kosciusko, built Fort Webb, which formed a portion of the works at that stronghold. A chain was stretched across the river above the point, and a battery built at each end, while Fort Clinton, situated on the point, commanded the river.

In the early summer, the regiment was sent to Providence, and thence to Tiverton, where it re-

mained for a short time. General Sullivan was in command of the troops in Rhode Island at this time, and our young hero was in all the engagements on the island that had in view the recapture of Newport, and which were unsuccessful in consequence of the failure of the French fleet under Count D'Estaing to coöperate with the continental forces.

The regiment wintered that year at Warren, in the vicinity of Newport. In the spring of 1779, the regiment was inspected by Baron Steuben. During this period the men were mustered every morning for exercise. As Dick was sometimes late on parade, the fife-major threatened to send a file of men for him on the next occasion of his tardiness; and one morning, in accordance with this threat, a corporal with a file of men escorted him to the parade, amidst the merriment of the soldiers, who hugely enjoyed seeing three men escort the little lad to the parade ground.

At Warren the regiment remained until the British evacuated Rhode Island, on the twenty-fifth day of October, 1779, when it was marched to the island by way of Bristol. About two weeks were spent at Newport, when it was ordered westward. Passing through Greenwich, Hartford,

and New Haven, it crossed the Hudson River at Dobb's Ferry, and brought up on the heights of Morristown, N. J., the headquarters of General Washington. The entire march of about two hundred miles, over rough and frozen ground, was made by Dick with bare feet. Soon after reaching Morristown, the regiment commenced building huts, which were first occupied on the twelfth day of January, 1780.

The winter at Morristown was one of unusual severity, and aggravated the sufferings of the army, which, for want of clothing and the necessities of life, endured as much distress as was experienced the previous winter at Valley Forge. For days the army was without meat, and for weeks it subsisted on half rations. In January, Washington wrote: "For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost famishing." But with spring came encouragement and hope; for Lafayette had returned from France with promises of renewed support.

A review by General Washington and his staff being anticipated, the officers of Colonel Webb's regiment cut up their shirts into pieces the size of a collar, and gave one piece to each soldier. At that time, not a private soldier in the regiment

had a shirt to his back. The men made an appearance on that occasion that was both ludicrous and pathetic, but they accepted with a proper pride the enthusiastic and appropriate comments on their display of shirt collars.

Our hero, Dick, having a good voice, and being a favorite among both officers and men, was brought into prominence on several occasions, and it was at a dinner party given in the month of May by Colonel Webb to General Washington and staff, that the most interesting incident in his army life occurred.

The colonel sent for him, and, after handing him a small silver cup filled with wine, requested him to sing a song. Dick drank the unfamiliar beverage as if it were water, the result of which caused so strangling a sensation, that immediate compliance with the request was impossible. Upon Colonel Webb's suggestion, he marched up and down the room until the effect had passed away, and then in his clear, boyish voice sang a patriotic song.

After the applause that followed the song had subsided, the colonel directed Dick to go to Colonel Jackson's hut, where Mrs. Washington and other ladies were, and to tell Mrs. Washington that Colonel Webb had sent him to sing her a

FACE OF BILL PRESENTED BY MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON TO RICHARD LORD JONES, MAY, 1780

song. Dick obeyed orders, and at the conclusion of his song received from Mrs. Washington, in acknowledgment of her thanks, a three-dollar Continental bill. This bill was sacredly kept by Dick until the day of his death, in loving remembrance of the noble woman who gave it to him. It is now the property of Major Richard Lord Annesley, of Albany, N. Y., a grandson of the youthful patriot. An engraving of one side of this bill is here presented. The following certificate concerning it was written by the recipient of the bill, more than seventy years after the date of its presentation to him:

"The bill of three dollars, accompanying this, is a sample of the currency of the United States during the War of the Revolution. This bill was presented to R. L. Jones (the subscriber) by Mrs. Martha Washington, at Colonel Jackson's hut, on the heights of Morristown, New Jersey, in May, 1780—immediately after the extreme hard winter, when Col. S. B. Webb's Regiment, to which he was attached, struck their tents and took possession of their huts, January 12th,—snow two or three feet deep. He was then, when the bill was received, just thirteen years of age, and just at the end of his term of enlistment of three years,—supposed to be the youngest person on the pay-roll of the army.

"Richard L. Jones.

"New Albany, Indiana, October 12th, 1850."

After the singing of the song, the officers joined the ladies and started for a walk. When about half-way down a long hill, they seated themselves on some fallen trees, and Dick was again requested to sing. Upon the completion of the song, they arose, and an officer, accompanied by a lady, beckoned Dick with one hand, while he placed the other behind his back, from the open palm of which Dick took three English shillings. The officer was General Lafayette, who but a few days before had returned from France.

A short time afterward, the regiment left the huts, and was marched toward Springfield, where it was engaged in the action with the enemy under General Knyphausen, on June 23. Prior to the battle, on June 20, Dick's term of three years expired, and he was honorably discharged. In company with two men of his regiment, whose terms had also expired, he started for home, walking the entire distance of nearly two hundred miles.

How pleasant were his anticipations of reunion with loved ones, as he bravely plodded along the highway and across fields until he reached his father's home in Hartford!

At home! All the long, cold winters of cruel

want lay behind, and before him rose the future, bright with anticipations of prosperity and peace. But the soldier-life of the boy became one of the brightest memories to the old man, and, in his last years, his greatest pleasure consisted in recounting the incidents connected with the days of his soldierhood to a willing listener.

"BELINDA" IN THE FORE-ROOM

BY ETHEL PARTON

THERE had come a sea-turn in the early afternoon of a hot August day. Tilly and Achsah Binns escaped joyfully from the kitchen and sat down side by side on the broad door-stone at the back of the farm-house, drawing deep breaths of the moist, salty air as they watched the silver sea-fog swirl and billow higher and higher along the slope of Two-Top Hill. The mounting tide had risen beyond where the girls were sitting, but it thinned visibly as near as the eaves and chimneys of the house, and often in its swirling and shifting allowed the twin round summits of Two-Top to break into view, with a gleam of watery blue above them.

The High Farm, in its lofty nest, was plainly almost at the upper height of the fog-drift, but below it all the world was lost in streaming gray.

There was heard not far away a sudden sound of clattering and scrambling, followed by a thud and a rattle as of falling stones.

Tilly, who was easily startled, clutched Axy's arm. "Oh!" she cried, "what was that?"

"I don't know," said Axy, staring vainly down the hill, where only the nearest boulder and a clump of barberry-bushes loomed dimly through the fog. "It 's down there, somewhere in the pasture. Listen!—it sounds as if a horse were coming over the stone wall that crosses the ridge. Maybe somebody 's got lost in the mist, and left the road. He 'll break the horse's legs, if not his own neck, I 'm afraid. There—there it is again!"

There was indeed a nearer thud and scramble, followed by a startled snort; and then a dark bay horse with a white foot and star, ridden by a hatless, wide-eyed boy, burst swiftly out of the smother only a few yards away, leaped the last flat-lying juniper-bush, and halted, panting, at the door.

"It 's Zeb!" cried Tilly, with relief. "Well, Zebedee Thyng! What are you thinking of, rid-

ing such a crazy rig; and good land, that 's Belinda! What will your father say?"

The boy slipped to the ground and leaned against the horse, breathing hard, and bending his head sidewise, with a motion of his hand to the girls to keep still. He was evidently listening; and Tilly took fright again, and caught her breath in a whimper. But Axy sharply bade her keep quiet, and she tried to control herself, only striving nervously to untie her apron-strings, and sniffing softly as they pulled into tighter and tighter knots and refused to come undone. Zeb glanced at her impatiently, and spoke to Axy.

"They 've sent out more parties to bring in horses," he said. Axy nodded. She knew he meant the British, who had been quartered for a week past in and about the nearest town, and had already carried off many horses from the neighboring farms.

"Do they want Belinda?" she asked.

"Yes," said Zeb; "they do. She 's the finest horse anywhere round, and they 've heard of her —seen her, too, when father was at the camp looking after some of their sick soldiers. One of his patients there thought it was rather poor pay for doctoring to steal the doctor's horse, I sup-

pose, for he sent him a warning to hide her. We got it just in time. You ought to have seen father! You know how proud he is of Belinda. He vowed and declared he 'd shoot the first outrageous redcoat that dared put his finger on her; and the more he talked the angrier he made himself. He threw his wig across the room, and pounded his fist on the table, and pretty nearly danced, he was so angry! Then he saw I had to laugh, and he tried to be calm and dignified and take a pinch of snuff; but his hand shook, and he took so much he nearly sneezed his head off; and before he could stop *kerchooing*, we saw them coming up the street."

Tilly, who had giggled faintly, grew serious again, and asked breathlessly: "What did he do?"

"He stopped just a second to think," answered Zeb, "and then he told me to take her and get away with her. He said he would n't even tell me where to go, so he could say honestly he did n't know where she was; but he guessed if I used my wits I 'd think of the best place. I meant to take her over to Uncle Joseph's by way of the woods, and that 's the place I started for; but there are parties out on both roads, and I could n't get

there. I was chased, and I only got away by coming over the stone wall and right up the hill here; and I could n't have done that but for the fog. They did n't dare follow over such rough ground when they could n't see and did n't know the way. I don't know how I did it safely myself."

"It 's a queer place to hide," said Axy, anxiously—"the top of the tallest hill in the county!"

"It 's worse than queer," agreed Zeb, ruefully. "Belinda can't go any farther—she 's shaking all over, poor thing; look at her! And she cast a shoe, coming over the wall. If the fog holds, and they come, maybe I can hide her down the side a little way, in a clump of bushes. They could n't tell what was horse and what was barberry-bush ten yards off. But if it clears there 's no chance at all. They 'll just come up and take her. They can see her half a mile away, if we try to escape by the pastures; and there 's nowhere to hide her if we stay."

"But do they know where you went to?" asked Axy. "Are you sure they 'll look for you up here at all?"

"Oh, yes; they know," Zeb answered, forlornly. "There—there 's the sun!"

Sure enough, the mist parted, and both summits of the hill shone bright and clear, with the cresting boulders and low bushes standing plain against the glistening blue.

"What shall we do?" wailed Tilly. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Oh, Axy, do you suppose they 've started yet? It 's so thick in the hollows, I can't see. Oh, is n't that something red?"

"No, it is n't," snapped Axy, who was apt to be cross when she was excited; "and do be quiet, Tilly, and let us think. If there was only any *sort* of hiding-place big enough to hold Belinda! But there is n't; there 's not—"

"Put her in the barn," interrupted Tilly, distractedly.

"The barn! Where do people look for horses first of all, simpleton?" cried Axy, with scorn.

"Well, the *house,* then," suggested Tilly, timidly.

Zeb laughed rather shakily, and answered that Belinda was n't parlor company, and he guessed Mrs. Binns would have a word to say; besides, it could n't be done; and if it could, it would get them into trouble; and it would n't be any use, anyway.

But Axy broke in abruptly on his objections.

"We 'll try it!" she cried. "It 's the only thing, and it 's a chance. Mother 's away, and so 's father; and Aunt Nancy is so deaf she won't hear a thing; and there 's nobody else at home but just we two. She 's out in the store-room, and does n't even know you 've come; and we 'll get you in without telling her, and then she can tell 'em there 's nobody here—don't you see? And we 'll muffle her feet, and you must stay and pat her nose and keep her from whinnying." (Axy did not stop for such a trifle as to untangle Aunt Nancy and the mare from the maze of pronouns: her hearers would understand.) "And the parlor shutters are always shut, so there 'll be nothing odd about that; and I don't believe, honestly, they 'll ever think of looking there. And I could n't *bear* to lose Belinda, the beauty, and let some hulking, rough trooper ill-use her. And besides that, Zeb, what would they do with *you?* They might carry you off to prison; and if they did n't— Oh, Zeb, don't you remember how the soldier thrashed Reuben Jenks, and told him that was a lesson for rebel lads who ran away with the horses that were wanted for his Majesty's army? And it was only their old cart-horse he had tried to get away with, that 's twenty years old, and as

slow as a snail. Surely they 'd be angrier to near lose Belinda."

"Axy, will you truly do it?" Zeb interrupted, his pleasant, freckled face, so downcast the moment before, flushing with hope as he comprehended the possibility of her scheme. "I do believe it is a chance—and father has trusted me to save her."

Axy nodded a firm little nod by way of answer. Then she bade Tilly run round to the store-room window and peep in to see if Aunt Nancy was still there and busy enough to be likely to remain. Next she pulled off her big apron, and tearing it into strips, handed them to Zeb to tie up Belinda's hoofs.

"Woolen would be better, but I can't stop to find any," she explained, "at least, not till we get inside; and she must n't make dents in the hall floor if we can help it. Mother 'll say it 's right to help you, but she won't like things spoiled, all the same. Besides, if they 're already coming up the hill they could hear her ever so far, tramping on wood."

"They can't be near yet. Besides, it 's as thick as porridge down at the bottom," returned Zeb, as he stooped low, handling the puzzled mare's

forefoot. "And the road 's so rough, they may wait till the sun 's out clearer. They know if I 'm here I can't get away, with the river looping round the hill, and their men blocking the road. They can take their time. But all the same we have n't a minute to lose."

"No," agreed Axy. "We must get Belinda in as quick as we can. Open the door, Tilly."

So Tilly, who had returned, reporting Aunt Nancy safely occupied for another half-hour, flung open the back door of the wide hall that ran straight through the roomy old farm-house, and darting indoors, presently came back with a big red apple in her hand, and stood on the threshold, extending it coaxingly toward Belinda. Belinda, poor bewildered creature, saw it, but even such a delicacy could not entirely distract her mind. She would prick one ear forward and sniff; but then, just at the critical moment, she would remember her bundled hoofs, and lift them uneasily up and down, shying and sidling, craning her pretty head forward and trying the lower of the three stone steps with her forefoot, only to draw it back again, a moment later, and begin all over again her fuming and fidgeting. It was not until Zeb relinquished the bridle to Axy, and, taking the

apple himself, backed slowly before her, that he was able, with much coaxing and many reassuring whispers, to beguile her up the steps, and reward her as she crossed the door-sill. She would have instantly retreated, but he took the bridle again and urged her forward, while just beyond him Tilly held out more apples, a gleaming and fragrant apronful. And at last, with one twitching ear turned forward and one back, and mingled appetite and anxiety expressed in her great, brown, rolling eyes, Belinda danced gingerly sidewise down the long hall after the excited pair. She started violently and swung around with a snort and a toss as the sunlight was cut off by the closing of the hall door behind her, and a subdued clash and the sound of a bolt shot home signaled that she was a prisoner.

"We have her now!" cried Axy, triumphantly, as she ran ahead to open the parlor door, and invited her guests to enter, Tilly, of course, coming first with the enticing apples, and Zeb following. He had released Belinda, guessing that if she were left to herself she would presently choose society and more apples of her own free will, in spite of her manifest dislike to doorways, rather than remain in the loneliness of the hall without.

She looked after him dubiously; but she followed, and stood gracefully allowing herself to be fed and petted, in the very middle of the beautifully sanded "best" floor. Her sleek bay sides and dainty head were reflected in the narrow looking-glass, in the dim green window-panes, in the glittering fire-dogs on the hearth, and in the polished brass knobs of the tall high-boy, until there seemed more horses in the cherished precincts of the Binns fore-room than the big Binns barn without had ever held.

Axy presently flitted away, to return bearing a load of braided rugs, bags of "pieces," and worn-out comforters. These she heaped on the floor, and Belinda was led upon the pile, that her feet, if she should prance or paw, might be more effectually silenced.

"Put the rest of the apples on the mantel, Tilly," she ordered, looking about her with the eye of a little general; "they 'll do if Belinda gets uneasy; but she does crunch so loud it makes me scary! I would n't give her any more unless you have to, Zeb. Tilly, now run round outside and see if there 's anybody in sight. We can't open these windows to look."

Tilly slipped out. "Do you think of anything

"BELINDA STOOD IN THE VERY MIDDLE OF THE 'BEST' FLOOR"

else we can do?" asked Axy, who felt she must be pale herself, and noticed how big and dark Zeb's freckles looked on the unfamiliar whiteness of his cheeks. His face wore a listening look once more, and he was breathing fast.

"Only just to wait," he said. "I hope they 'll come soon. I hate waiting, worse than anything."

"So do I," agreed Axy. "We 've thought of all the things we ought to think of already, and it just gives us time to think of all those we *ought* n't, and to get frightened. I have n't had time to be frightened before; but this is—it 's—I don't like it a bit!"

Belinda munched a last bite of apple, and shifted nervously on her feet, and the boy and girl stood silent for a while beside her. Then Zebedee asked: "If they get her, and take me, too, you 'll let father know?"

Axy nodded her little jerky nod; but she added: "They won't; and there 's no need. You can leave her here and go and hide yourself. There are plenty of cupboards and closets."

"She would n't keep quiet without me."

"I 'll stay with her."

"She does n't know you as well—and if anybody stays, I 'm the one. She 's in my charge."

"But they would n't hurt me—I 'm a girl."

"I don't suppose they would; but I wonder what sort of boy I 'd be if I left you alone to find out whether they would or not!"

"I 'm willing, truly."

"I 'm *not,* and I 'm going to stay."

Belinda suddenly lifted her head and pricked her ears; she raised a muffled foot and tried to paw with it, but Zeb dropped quickly to his knee and caught it in his hand. She thought he was taking off the bunch of rags that cumbered her, and stood patiently letting him hold it lifted, though still listening. After a little he set the foot gently down again, and rose, ready to smother against his shoulder the whinny which he feared would be the next thing. The mare's loud breathing, as she puffed her nostrils and drew them in again, and the hurried beating of their own hearts, seemed to fill the room as the two young rebels waited, and waited, and waited. But the thundering knock which they expected to hear did not come. Instead, there were only a few faint sounds from without, they could not tell exactly what or whence, though they seemed to come from the direction of the barn. They were not even quite sure they heard anything. And then, suddenly, a horse neighed almost under the

window, and Zeb had caught up an old shawl from the floor and buried poor Belinda's nose in it, and was hugging and soothing her with his arms round her neck and his face to hers, clinging only the tighter in silent desperation as she started away. Axy, prompt and pale, snatched up an armful of the soft woolens as Belinda's forefeet quitted them, and tossed them behind her heels to deaden the sound of her movements as she backed. It was over in a moment—the answering whinny smothered in time, the startled creature freed again from her hasty blindfolding, and her more startled guardians panting beside her, close in front of the wide hearth.

"Do you suppose they heard?" Zeb breathed rather than whispered.

"No," Axy whispered back; then, very anxiously: "Where *can* Tilly be? Why did n't she warn us?" She paused and added: "I 'm going out. Aunt Nancy may miss me and ask questions. And I 'm going to lock you in and hide the key. That would give you a minute to get out by the windows if they try the door. But I 'll keep them away if I can, and don't you think of anything but just keeping Belinda quiet. Tilly and I 'll do the rest."

She was gone, and he heard the key click cau-

tiously in the lock; and then he was left alone with Belinda in the dim, shuttered room.

As Axy came round the corner of the house, the first thing she saw was Tilly, pale and tearful, standing between two soldiers, one of whom held her by the arm, while Aunt Nancy, her black eyes snapping with wrath, confronted the group. She must have just demanded their errand, and received a reply which, it was plain, had not been understood; for now one of the men was roaring at her, while his comrade and a third soldier near by, mounted, and holding the horses of the others, were laughing heartily at his efforts to make himself heard.

"A horse!" he fairly shouted. "Horse! *Horse! Bay* horse—*boy*—came this *way! Boy —horse!*"

"There 's no horse here," Aunt Nancy replied, with spirit. "You have been in the barn and seen for yourselves there is not. And pray let go of my little niece there. You are frightening her to death. Sure, do you think the child keeps a bay horse hidden in her apron pocket?"

"We won't *hurt* her!" shouted the soldier, "but she *refuses*—to *answer*—*questions,* and we *think*—she knows *more*—than she 'll *tell!* You

"'A HORSE!' HE FAIRLY SHOUTED"

had best *speak out* if you want us to let her *go!* Have you *seen*—a *bay horse*—a fine bay horse with a white *star*—red-headed BOY?"

His voice broke with the strain of yelling so long an address, and he mopped his brow with his red sleeve, while his comrades grinned appreciation of his difficulties.

"I have seen neither horse nor boy. You may see for yourselves if there be either about the place," responded Aunt Nancy, angrily. "A likely thing, indeed, to hide away a horse and rider on the top of a stony, bare hill with not so much as a tree on it for cover! Let my niece go, you blundering boobies! She is too frightened to answer your questions. But I will answer as many as you please, and you may make the most of what I say. Nancy Binns is afraid of no man; no, nor soldier, either!"

"One deaf and the other dumb!" groaned the exhausted soldier. "I 've had enough of the pair. Here, little maid,"—he turned to Axy,—"can *you* talk—and hear?"

"Both, sir," said Axy, curtsying.

"That 's better," said he, good-naturedly enough, and plainly relieved. "Now, then, you have heard what we want to know. Have you

anything to tell us? Be careful; 't will be a dangerous thing for you if we catch you fibbing."

"I 'll tell you the truth, sir," answered Axy, quickly; "but I can only say what my aunt has said already: there 's no such horse in our barn, and you can see for yourself there 's none in our pasture; and the only other place is our house—if you please to search that. There 's the attic, and the cellar, and the woodshed, and all the closets; and if the bay horse with the white star is as clever at curling his legs up under him as he must be at stretching them to run away, or maybe to scramble up and down stairs, he might even be stowed away in the pumpkin-bin! I have often hid there myself, and indeed it 's a good place to lie snug. Will you look?"

Now, the sergeant was already thinking he had made a mistake in searching a hilltop, and that the boy must have slipped past them somehow in the fog; and, moreover, he was a kind man, who did not enjoy frightening a little girl as desperately as he seemed to have frightened Tilly; and besides, if the horse was not there, it must be somewhere else, and time was being wasted.

So the puzzled sergeant looked hard for an anxious minute from Axy to her aunt; and then,

growling only, "Saucy tongues are n't safe for little girls!" he flung upon his horse, tossed a quick order to his comrades, and away went the three scarlet figures together, clattering swiftly down the hill.

Nobody spoke till they were well beyond the first "thank-you-ma'am" of the rough road. Then Tilly, lifting her streaming face from Aunt Nancy's crumpled kerchief, where she had buried it, sobbed hysterically: "Oh, Axy—oh, Axy! they asked me if I 'd seen 'em—and I had! And so I would n't say anything at all. And they said they 'd take me away with 'em if I did n't; and I was so frightened I did n't know what to do; but I did n't tell—I did n't tell!"

She dropped her face again against the soaked kerchief; and Aunt Nancy patted her shoulders and murmured: "There, my dear; there, there!" She added more sharply: "What is the poor child talking about, Axy?"

"Come into the house and I 'll show you," said Axy; and taking Tilly's hand, she led the way to the parlor, whisked the key from behind the hall cupboard, and threw open the door. For a moment they could not see into the dim room, and before their eyes had grown used to the darkness

"STANDING ON THE DOOR-STEP, CURTSYING THEIR GOOD-BYS"

Belinda neighed a greeting—neighed unchecked, so loud and long that even Aunt Nancy heard, and jumped as if she were shot! A minute later Axy was pouring out explanations, and Zeb thanks, while Tilly still sobbed softly; and Belinda, forgotten in the excitement, walked slyly over to the mantelpiece, and laying her nose down sideways, and curling back her lips, chased the last remaining apple up and down the smooth ledge, with her white teeth snapping, and little snorts and puffings of enjoyment.

At nightfall she was led to the barn, where

she remained safe during the few remaining days before the British marched out of the vicinity. Then Zeb took her home. And a little later Dr. Thyng—who, scarcely less than the parson and the squire, was a great man of the neighborhood—rode out in his Sunday coat and best ruffles to make a formal call on "Miss Achsah and Miss Matilda Binns," and to thank them for all they had done; and which had done the most he declared he could not tell; and he praised them both till Tilly blushed like a peony, and Axy held her chin so high with pride it tipped up skyward almost as sharply as her little turn-up nose! And if the two sisters did not really enjoy this visit as much as the many less imposing which Zeb, their warm friend from that day, made in less stately fashion, yet it was a great honor and a great event, none the less. Standing on the door-step, curtsying their good-bys, they felt, as the doctor in his saddle lifted his fine cocked hat, shook the reins on Belinda's glossy neck, and cantered away, as if something had lifted them quite out of little girlhood and added a good ten years to their dignity.

CORNWALLIS'S BUCKLES

BY A. J. C.

I AM not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city, at Darby. Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the

soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment. So, Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storms of her indignation, the high-spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard,

LITTLE MISS ANNE'S RIDE TO THE BRITISH CAMP

and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general can not be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important, it will be reported to him!"

"It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general!"

"But, my little girl, I can not let you pass until

you tell me whence you come, and what your business is within these lines."

"I come from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately! No one else can tell him what I have to say!"

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence upon the officer. General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged regiments, patiently watching his opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through families residing in the country, and still, in secret, friendly to the Crown. Here might be such a case, and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child forward to headquarters. So, summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "A little girl from the country with a message for the general" was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general; and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

LITTLE MISS ANNE'S HOME

For a moment the girl hesitated, overcome, perhaps, by the unexpected brilliancy of the scene. Then the spirit of her "Redwolf" ancestors asserted itself, and to her Cornwallis in full dinner costume, surrounded by his brilliant companions, represented only the power that could save her favorite from the butcher's knife.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis," said the gentleman, kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow!"

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a simultaneous burst of uproarious laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

A few words of encouragement, pleasantly spoken, quickly restored the equanimity of the girl. Then, with ready tact, the general soon drew from her a concise narration of her grievance.

"Why did not your father attend to this for you?"

"My father is not at home, now."

"'I WANT MY COW!'"

"And have you no brothers for such an errand, instead of coming yourself into a British camp?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General Cornwallis," cried she, impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where can they be found?"

"My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?"

"Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee." The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light-horse Harry Lee." Then she exclaimed: "But, General, my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general, severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!"

"Well! you are a brave, straightforward little

girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a little rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow! And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.

In the spring following this event, the same young lady had the pleasure of witnessing the celebrated "Meschianza," a very brilliant farewell entertainment of the British officers to Philadelphia, planned and carried out by the unfortunate André. Time sped on, and the little Anne grew to be a wife, a mother, and at last a widow; but many years still remained to her, and she lived to see a fourth generation of descendants, who loved to gather in a group about her arm-chair and listen to her stories of the Revolution.

ELIZABETH ZANE

A Gunpowder Story

AMONG the important border outposts of the Americans, during the war of the Revolution, was Fort Henry, situated on a bank of the Ohio River, near Wheeling Creek. In 1777, it was suddenly attacked by a band of Indians, under the command of Simeon Girty, a white man and a Tory, noted for his cruel hatred toward the Americans. The Indians numbered nearly five hundred, but the garrison in the fort were only forty-two, and, soon after the siege began, some thirty of these were caught in an ambush outside of the fort and slain. Only twelve men were now left to Colonel Shepherd, the American commander; but all these were good marksmen, and knowing that surrender meant death for their wives and children as well as for themselves, they resolved to fight to the last.

But, alas! bravery availed them little, for it

was not long before the small stock of powder in the fort was almost exhausted, and only a few charges remained to each man.

In despair, the Colonel called his brave little band together, and told them that at a house some sixty yards outside of the fort, which their enemies had not yet dared to approach, there was a keg of gunpowder. Whoever should try to bring it into the fort would be in peril of his life from the rifles of the Indians. He had not the heart to order any man to such a task, but the powder was their only hope, and, therefore, it was his duty to ask if any one of them was brave enough to volunteer the undertaking.

Instantly, three or four young men avowed themselves ready, but only one man could be spared. And while they were generously disputing among themselves for the perilous errand, Elizabeth Zane, a girl of seventeen, approached the Colonel and begged that *she* might be allowed to go for the powder. Her request was promptly refused, but she persisted earnestly, even against the remonstrances and entreaties of her parents and friends. In vain they pleaded and reasoned with her, urging more than once that a young man would be more likely to succeed, through his

power of running swiftly. She replied that she knew the danger, but that, if she failed, her loss would not be felt, while not a single man ought to be spared from the little garrison. Finally, it was agreed that she should make the first trial.

When all was ready, the gate opened and Elizabeth walked rapidly across the open space toward the house where the powder was stored. Those inside the fort could plainly see that the eyes of the Indians were upon her, but, either from curiosity or mercy, they allowed her to pass safely and to enter the house.

Her friends drew a breath of relief, and, watching even more anxiously for her re-appearance, saw her come out soon, bearing the powder in a table-cloth tied around her waist. But this time the Indians suspected her burden, and sent after her a shower of bullets and arrows. These all, however, whistled by her harmless, and with wild, startled eyes, but an undaunted heart she sped on in triumph inside the gate.

By the aid of the powder and the enthusiastic courage which Elizabeth's self-sacrifice inspired, the little garrison was enabled to hold out until relief came to them. And so this noble act of a young girl saved the lives of all within the fort.

LA FAYETTE

BY MRS. EUGENIA M. HODGE

ONE hundred and twenty-eight years ago, in the month of February, 1777, a young French guardsman ran away to sea.

And a most singular running away it was. He did not wish to be a sailor, but he was so anxious to go that he bought a ship to run away in,—for he was a very wealthy young man; and though he was only nineteen, he held a commission as major-general in the armies of a land three thousand miles away—a land he had never seen and the language of which he could not speak. The King of France commanded him to remain at home; his friends and relatives tried to restrain him; and even the representatives, or agents, of the country in defense of which he desired to fight would not encourage his purpose. And when the young man, while dining at the house of the British Ambassador to France, openly avowed his

sympathy with a downtrodden people, and his determination to help them gain their freedom, the Ambassador acted quickly. At his request, the rash young enthusiast was arrested by the French Government, and orders were given to seize his ship, which was awaiting him at Bordeaux. But ship and owner both slipped away, and sailing from the port of Pasajes in Spain, the runaway, with eleven chosen companions, was soon on the sea, bound for America, and beyond the reach of both friends and foes.

On April 25, 1777, he landed at the little port of Georgetown, at the mouth of the Great Pee Dee river in South Carolina; and from that day forward the career of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette, has held a place in the history of America, and in the interest and affection of the American people.

When he first arrived in the land for which he desired to fight, however, he found but a cool reception. The Congress of the United States was poor, and so many good and brave American officers who had proved their worth were desirous of commissions as major-generals, that the commission promised to this young Frenchman could

not easily be put in force so far as an actual command and a salary were concerned.

But the young general had come across the sea for a purpose, and money and position were not parts of that purpose. He expressed his desire to serve in the American army upon two very singular conditions, namely: that he should receive no pay, and that he should act as a volunteer. The Congress was so impressed with the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of the young Frenchman that, on July 31, 1777, it passed a resolution directing that "his services be accepted and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family and connections, he have the rank and commission of a Major-General of the United States."

General Washington was greatly attracted by the energy and earnestness of the young nobleman. He took him into what was called his "military family," assigned him to special and honorable duty; and when the young volunteer was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, the Commander-in-Chief praised his "bravery and military ardor" so highly that the Congress gave La Fayette the command of a division. Thus, before he was twenty, he was actually a general, and already, as one historian says, he had "justified

THE STATUE OF LA FAYETTE GIVEN TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE BY AMERICAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN. COURTYARD OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS, FRANCE

the boyish rashness which his friends deplored and his sovereign resented, and had acquired a place in history."

Notwithstanding General Washington's assertion to Congress that La Fayette had made "great proficiency in our language," the young marquis's pronunciation of English was far from perfect. French, Spanish, and Italian were all familiar to him, but his English was not readily understood by the men he was called upon to command. It was therefore necessary to find as his aid-de-camp one who could quickly interpret the orders of his commanding officer.

Such an aid was at last found in the person of a certain young Connecticut adjutant on the regimental staff of dashing Brigadier-General Wayne, —"Mad Anthony" Wayne, the hero of Stony Point.

This young adjutant was of almost the same age as La Fayette; he had received, what was rare enough in those old days, an excellent college education, and he was said to be the only man in the American army who could speak French and English equally well.

These young men, General La Fayette and his aid, grew very fond of each other during an inti-

mate acquaintance of nearly seven years. The French marquis, with that overflow of spirits and outward demonstration so noticeable in most Frenchmen, freely showed his affection for the more reserved American—often throwing his arms around his neck, kissing him upon the cheek and calling him "My brave, my good, my virtuous, my adopted brother!"

After the battle of Monmouth, which occurred on June 28, 1778, and in which La Fayette's command was engaged against the British forces, who were routed, the marquis was enthusiastic in praise of the gallant conduct of his friend and aid. Not content with this, he sent to him some years after, when the aid-de-camp, then a colonel in rank, was elected to political honors, the following acrostic, as a souvenir, expressive of the esteem and remembrance of his former commander. The initial letters of each line of the poem will spell out for you the name of this soldier friend of La Fayette. And here is an exact copy of the acrostic and of the postscript that accompanied it:

Sage of the East! where wisdom rears her head,
Augustus, taught in virtue's path to tread,
'Mid thousands of his race, elected stands
Unanimous to legislative bands;

Endowed with every art to frame just laws,
Learns to hate vice, to virtue gives applause.

Augustus, oh, thy name that 's ever dear
Unrivaled stands to crown each passing year!
Great are the virtues that exalt thy mind.
Unenvied merit marks thy worth refined.
Sincerely rigid for your country's right,
To save her Liberty you deigned to fight;
Undaunted courage graced your manly brow,
Secured such honors as the gods endow.—

Bright is the page; the record of thy days
Attracts my muse thus to rehearse thy praise.
Rejoice then, patriots, statesmen, all rejoice!
Kindle his praises with one general voice!
Emblazon out his deeds, his virtues prize,
Reiterate his praises to the skies!

M. D. La Fayette.

P.S.—The Colonel will readily apologize for the inaccuracies of an unskillful muse, and be convinced the high estimation of his amiable character could alone actuate the author of the foregoing.

M. D. La Fayette.

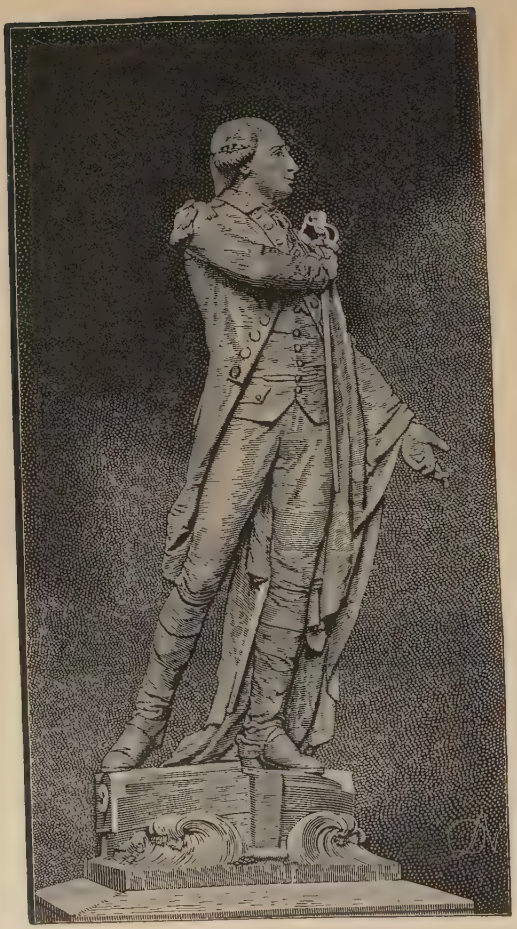
So the name of the young general's friend and aid-de-camp was Samuel Augustus Barker.

Years passed. The Revolution was over. America was free. The French Revolution, with

all its horrors and successes, had made France a republic. Napoleon had risen, conquered, ruled, fallen, and died, and the first quarter of the nineteenth century was nearly completed, when, in August, 1824, an old French gentleman who had been an active participant in several of these historic scenes arrived in New York. It was General the Marquis de La Fayette, now a veteran of nearly seventy, returning to America as the honored guest of the growing and prosperous republic he had helped to found.

His journey through the land was like a triumph. Flowers and decorations brightened his path, cheering people and booming cannon welcomed his approach. And in one of those welcomings, in a little village in Central New York, a cannon, which was heavily loaded for a salute in honor of the nation's guest, exploded, and killed a plucky young fellow who had volunteered to "touch off" the overcharged gun when no one else dared. Some months after, the old marquis chanced to hear of the tragedy, and at once his sympathies were aroused for the widowed mother of the young man.

He at once wrote to the son of the man who had been his comrade in arms in the revolutionary



STATUE OF LA FAYETTE, BY A. BARTHOLDI, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

days half a century before, asking full information concerning the fatal accident, and the needs of the mother of the poor young man who was killed; and having thus learned all the facts, sent the sum of one thousand dollars to relieve the mother's necessities and to pay off the mortgage on her little home.

I have before me, as I write, the original letter written by the General to the son of his old friend, the paper marked and yellow with the creases of many years; and as I read it again, I feel that of all the incidents of the singularly eventful life of La Fayette there are none that show his noble nature more fully than those I have noted here: his enthusiastic services in behalf of an oppressed people, his close and devoted affection for his friend and comrade, and the impulsive generosity of a heart that was at once manly, tender, and true.

And as I write, I am grateful that I can claim a certain association with that honored name of La Fayette; for the young adjutant to whom the acrostic was addressed and the friend through whom the gift to the widow was communicated were respectively my grandfather and my father.

It is at least pleasant to know that one's ances-

tors were the intimate friends of so noble a man, of whom one biographer has recently said: "He was brave even to rashness, his life was one of constant peril, and yet he never shrank from any danger or responsibility if he saw the way open to spare life or suffering, to protect the defenseless, to sustain law and preserve order."

At the southern extremity of Union Square, in the city of New York, there is a bronze statue of La Fayette. It represents him in graceful pose and with earnest face and gesture, "making offer of his sword to the country he admired—the country that sorely needed his aid. The left hand is extended as if in greeting and friendly self-surrender, and the right hand, which holds the sword, is pressed against the breast, as if implying that his whole heart goes with his sword." La Fayette's words, "As soon as I heard of American independence, my heart was enlisted," are inscribed upon the pedestal of the statue; and a short distance from it, in the plaza adjoining the square, is an equestrian statue of Washington. It is fitting that the bronze images of those two great men should thus be placed together, as the names of Washington and La Fayette are forever coupled in the affections of the American people.

HOW GRANDMOTHER MET THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE

(A True Story)

BY ELLA SHEARMAN PARTRIDGE

"YES, dear; it is a queer-looking old glove with that little portrait on the back; and you are quite right in saying that it is a picture of the Marquis de La Fayette. It is just seventy-two years ago this year that I wore that glove with its mate at the ball given by the city of Philadelphia in honor of the return of the Marquis, who was visiting again the country he had helped many years before to wrest from the King of England.

"The whole country went quite wild with enthusiasm over the brave young man who had proved himself to be such a trusty friend to our beloved Washington; and when my honored father came home from the court-house one afternoon, and told mother to get the girls' dresses

ready for the ball, and to spare no expense, as there might be a possibility of one of them being chosen by the Marquis for a dance or a promenade, my little heart beat high with anticipation. But, alas! I was reminded that I was only a very small child,—only twelve years old,—and as I could not even make a proper courtesy, I would certainly have to stay at home. So I accepted my bitter disappointment as a necessity, and watched the great preparations made by the rest of the family with much interest and not a little envy.

"The girls practised their steps dutifully, and made graceful courtesies before the long mirrors in the drawing-room, until I could stand it no longer; and I rushed away to the prim old garden, and there, in the privacy of that retreat, I bobbed and bowed, imitating the sweet smiles and coy glances I had watched so closely in the house. Then, when I felt that I could bow and smile at the same time, not forgetting the one in the exertion required for the other, I stole quietly into father's study, and climbing up on the arm of his chair, I coaxed to be allowed to go. I finally assured him that I could make a most beautiful courtesy, and I showed him. To my great de-

"'IN THE PRIM OLD GARDEN I BOBBED AND BOWED'"

light, he caught me in his arms, and laughing merrily, he cried:

"'You shall certainly go to the ball; and if the Marquis can resist that—that salutation, he is not a Frenchman!'

"The girls 'fied' at me when they knew it; but my dear little mother had a simple muslin made for me, in which, with the dainty rosebud trimming, I felt quite as fine as my sisters in their gorgeous silks and their powdered hair; and, to make my happiness complete, just before we started for the ball mother gave each of us a pair of white kid gloves with the portrait of the Marquis de La Fayette printed on the back. And the one you are holding is the one—but wait, I am going too fast.

"Ah, I can see him now, with his courtly grace and elegant manner, as he bent low over the hand of every lady presented to him; and I watched curiously to see if he noticed the decoration on their gloves: but he did not seem to at all.

"I had been placed in the corner of the room, and was told to keep very quiet, as it was a most unusual thing for young folks to appear in so public a place. So after the dancing began I looked eagerly at couple after couple as they glided

slowly past me, marveling at the magnificent gowns, the gaiety of it all, and keeping time with my restless slippered feet, to the rhythm of the music. Presently, before I could notice who they were, two gentlemen stepped just in front of me, and began discussing the beautiful scene before them. When, quite accidentally, I caught a glimpse of the face of one of them, and saw it was the Marquis, I uttered an exclamation of delight at being able to see him so closely. I think he must have heard me, for he turned quickly, and noticing that he was obstructing my view of the room, came hastily toward me, and holding out his hand, said:

"'Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons! I did not see you. And I really believe I have not yet been presented to you. Permit me.' And with that he raised my hand to his lips and kissed it. I barely remembered in time the courtesy that I had practised so long in the garden, to the edification of the box-trees and holly-bushes; but, as he kissed the glove, a mischievous idea caused me to smile, and he asked:

"'What amuses mademoiselle?'

"'Oh, monsieur,' I said, with a little laugh, 'you kissed your own face!' and I showed him

"'OH, MONSIEUR, I SAID, 'YOU KISSED YOUR OWN FACE!'"

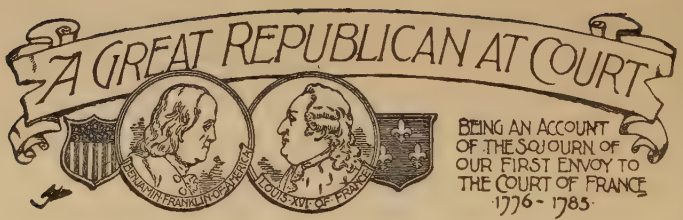
the portrait on my glove, which he regarded gravely.

"'What a mistake!' he remarked; and, looking down at me quizzically, he added, 'I must correct it.'

"Then—then—well, I was only a little girl, you know; and—yes, you may kiss me too, if you like. It was right on this cheek";—and after all these years grandmother's face flushed prettily at the remembrance.

"And my father always insisted it was the courtesy which made the Marquis dare to do it; and that thereby he only proved himself to be the most gallant of Frenchmen."

SUGAR-BOWL BELONGING TO A DINNER-SET PRESENTED TO MRS. WASHINGTON BY GENERAL LA FAYETTE


A GREAT REPUBLICAN AT COURT
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE SOJOURN OF OUR FIRST ENVOY TO THE COURT OF FRANCE
1776 - 1785
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN OF AMERICA
LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE

BY H. A. OGDEN

WHEN Dr. Benjamin Franklin stood before the monarch of France in 1778, it must have seemed to him the exact fulfilment of a prophecy; for it is said that, when a poor little boy, his father used to repeat to him Solomon's proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Of course, like most remarkable events that happen in this world, it seemed to come about very naturally. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence, that first great step toward making us a free people, Congress decided to send a special envoy to the French court, in order to enlist their aid in our struggle for freedom.

Their choice fell on their ablest and most patriotic member—upon him who had been one of the originators of the Declaration, and who, on

signing his name, made the witty remark: "Now, gentlemen, we must hang together, if we would not hang separately."

On October 26, 1776, with his two grandsons, William Temple Franklin, a youth of seventeen, and little Benjamin Franklin Bache, his daughter's boy, of seven, the old Doctor set sail in the sloop-of-war "Reprisal," one of the swiftest craft of our infant navy.

He was then over seventy years of age, and his fame as a printer, editor, inventor, philosopher, and statesman (for the old gentleman was a many-sided genius), was well established. The learned societies of the civilized globe were proud to enroll his name among their members; the French people, from the nobles down to the servants, all were familiar with his quaint and witty sayings, as translated from "Poor Richard's Almanac," as well as with his love of liberty and his broad sympathy with his fellow-men. Silas Deane, the agent of the American Congress, then living in Paris, afterward said: "Here is the hero, philosopher, and patriot who, at the age of seventy-four, risks all dangers for his country."

To show that the enemy fully realized his power as an advocate for the cause of indepen-

dence, the Marquis of Rockingham, one of King George the Third's advisers, remarked that he considered "the presence of Dr. Franklin at the French court more than a balance for the few additional acres which the English had gained by the conquest of Manhattan Island." This was said not long after the battle of Brooklyn, whereby General Howe had secured possession of New York.

Shortly after his arrival in Paris, the Doctor was invited to make his home at Passy, then one of the little towns outside of the city, although now it is inside of the fortifications. Here, on a hill overlooking the river Seine as it flows past villages, châteaux, and palaces, stood the Mansion Valentinois, the owner of which insisted on Franklin's sharing his apartments with him without cost, saying, "If your country is successful in the war, and your Congress will grant me a small piece of land, perhaps I may take that as payment." Wherever the Doctor went, crowds followed him; he was cheered in the streets or at the opera; his sayings were quoted; and engravings, miniatures, medals, snuff-box lids, and souvenirs were made to bear his kindly features. He wrote home to little Benjamin's mother that

FRANKLIN AND HIS YOUNG RELATIVES IN THE STREETS OF PARIS

they had "made her father's face"—by which, of course, he meant his own—"as well known as that of the moon."

He always dressed plainly; and his hair, which was gray and quite thin, was not concealed by a wig, though he often wore a fur cap, pulled down nearly to his spectacle-rims.

Ignorant people whispered that he was a wizard, engaged in separating the colonies from England by means of his magic spells. All showed their admiration of his attainments; but amid all of the compliments paid him and the extravagant attentions he received, he remained the simple-minded, plain republican, ever keeping in mind his country's trials and her need.

The court of France, while friendly and willing to aid us as it could, was not as yet ready to acknowledge our independence, and by so doing to provoke a conflict with Great Britain. The war, thus far, had gone against us; news of the one bright ray in the gloom—Washington's victory at Trenton—had taken five months to reach France, so difficult was it to escape from the British cruisers watching our coasts.

Some muskets and a private loan of $400,000 were secured, and single volunteers were plenty.

To fight for America became with the young French nobles what nowadays we should call a "fad." Franklin was besieged by requests to be officers in our army, or for letters of recommendation to Congress, and he was at his wits' end to refuse with kindness, so that he should not make promises of rank that he could not fulfil.

During this winter of darkness for freedom's cause, Franklin must play his part in the gay world of Paris. To make friends for our country was his constant aim; her enemies he defied, and everywhere he expressed his certainty of the final triumph of America in the struggle.

We have all heard of the phrase, "These are the times that try men's souls." These words were used at just this time by Thomas Paine, who wrote a series of articles on the American war. For, while it was dark indeed on our side of the ocean, it seemed also as if no nation abroad would help us. Franklin sent his associates, Lee and Deane, to the courts of Spain and Prussia for aid, but neither was disposed to take the first step.

Diplomacy among nations is often a tedious and selfish proceeding. Meanwhile the Doctor did what he could toward arming ships and making easier the lot of prisoners of war abroad. As

to the ships, he was somewhat successful, and was gratified by his success; for he was eager to give England some of the treatment the colonies had received from her men-of-war.

All of these matters kept the Envoy very busy —so much so, that his grandson Temple was obliged to act as his secretary, and the idea of his going to a university was given up. At last came the sunshine through the clouds, for the Wise Providence that guides the affairs of nations as well as of men brought about the surrender of Burgoyne and his army in October, 1777, after the battle of Saratoga.

The news was despatched with all haste to our representatives abroad. Massachusetts sent the glad tidings by special messenger, a young Mr. Austin. Before his departure, a prayer was offered from the pulpit of a church in Boston—the minister, it is said, being so absorbed in praying especially that the despatches might be delivered that he made no mention of the messenger!

In a little over a month, however, both messenger and packet arrived in Paris, and the scene when he drove into the courtyard of the Hôtel Valentinois was a memorable one.

Our representatives had received word of his

"THE MESSENGER CRIED, 'GENERAL BURGOYNE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY ARE PRISONERS OF WAR!'"

landing, but knew nothing of the nature of his news. As the chaise dashed up to the group around the door, and the messenger alighted, Dr. Franklin grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"Sir, is Philadelphia taken?"

"Yes, sir," was Austin's reply.

Then the old statesman wrung his hands in disappointment and had begun to return in sadness to the house when the messenger cried:

"But, sir, I have greater news than *that!* General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war!"

Temple carried the news to the French prime minister, the Comte de Vergennes, and a few days later a private interview took place at Versailles.

About a year from the landing of Franklin on the coast of France, his errand to that nation was accomplished. She became the ally of the American colonies, and thus was the first to welcome the United States into the circle of nations.

A main condition of the treaty was that we should not make peace with Great Britain unless our independence was recognized—a condition to which our representatives gladly agreed.

Our new ally's first act was to send a frigate carrying M. Gérard, a special envoy to Congress,

with tidings of the treaty. He was received with great honor, and joy filled all patriot hearts. On February 6, 1778, the treaty was officially signed by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, on the part of the United States. The signing was followed by the important ceremony of being received by the King in person. As no one in those days ever thought of being presented to a monarch of France with his head uncovered by a wig, Dr. Franklin ordered one for the occasion. The hair-dresser, or *perruquier,* as he was called, brought the all-important article, and proceeded to try it on; but try as he would, he could n't force it down over Franklin's head. After several trials, the Doctor said:

"Perhaps it is too small!" Dashing the wig to the floor in a rage, the *perruquier* cried, "It is impossible, monsieur! No, monsieur! it is *not* that the wig is too small; it is that your head is too large!"

As there was no time to remedy the misfit, the Doctor decided to go before the King without a wig. Therefore it was without a wig, or even a sword,—considered an indispensable article of a gentleman's dress in those days,—but in a plain black velvet suit, with ruffles at the neck and

"'IT IS *NOT* THAT THE WIG IS TOO SMALL; IT IS THAT YOUR HEAD IS TOO LARGE!'"

wrists, white silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, that our great republican drove to the palace of Versailles. On the morning of the 20th of March, 1778, accompanied by his fellow-envoys, Dr. Franklin was ushered into the presence of his majesty King Louis XVI. of France. After the formal introduction, the monarch expressed himself as well disposed toward his new ally, and gracefully complimented the tact that Franklin had displayed during his sojourn in the capital and among the French people.

In the evening, during the games that the court were engaged in, the Queen, Marie-Antoinette, conversed with Franklin in her own charming and gracious manner. His wit, fascinating conversation, and sound common sense attracted the admiration of the gay and frivolous court, and he was lionized by all.

At a brilliant fête given in his honor, he was crowned with laurel by one of three hundred young ladies. The old statesman accepted all these attentions modestly, considering them as offered, through him, to his native land.

During the rest of his visit to France, Franklin's life was filled with solicitude for his native land; but now, by the authority of the French

king, armies and fleets were sent, by the help of which we were finally able to capture Cornwallis and secure our independence.

At length, weary and ill, Franklin asked for his recall; he had signed the treaty of peace with England, thus crowning his mission with success. So in March, 1785, after nearly nine years' residence abroad, Congress was pleased to declare that "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin, Esquire, was permitted to return to America."

(*A True Story of the Revolution*)

BY O. W. BLACKNALL

THE battle of Camden, South Carolina, fought on the morning of the 16th of August, 1780, ended disastrously for the American arms. Among the prisoners captured by the British was Humphrey Hunter, a lad fresh from the school of Liberty Hall, at Charlotte.

After being kept seven days in a prison pen near the battle-field, the prisoners were conveyed about sixty miles further south to Orangeburg.

The whole State being in British hands, and indeed the Southern colonies being considered as conquered and reannexed to the crown, the captives were allowed freedom so long as they kept within a not very well defined portion of the town.

Humphrey Hunter had been robbed of his hat and coat on the morning of the battle, and for three months went without either. Cold weather coming on, he started one day for a house in the

suburbs, for the friend who lived there had promised to give the boy prisoner a coat. Humphrey was not aware of going beyond his prison bounds till he met a mounted Tory, armed with sword and pistols. The soldier halted him, and ordered him back to town to be punished for breaking his parole.

In vain did Hunter attempt to explain or to excuse himself. He pleaded his ignorance of the limits, and his need of a coat. The only replies were threats, abuse, and prods from a sword to hasten his steps.

The military rule of those days was severe, and especially so at the British posts in the South. The captive, knowing that his punishment would be humiliating and cruel, determined to escape, even at the risk of his life.

They came to a spot where some trees had been felled. Close by the road lay the trunk of a large pine, and around it were numbers of half-burnt lightwood (pine) knots, the remains, doubtless, of a camp-fire.

Humphrey dashed from the road, cleared the log at a bound, caught up two heavy pine-knots, and turned at bay. Nor was he a moment too soon. The Tory had drawn from its holster one

"AT THE SAME INSTANT THAT HUMPHREY THREW A PINE-KNOT,
THE SOLDIER DREW HIS PISTOL"

of his ponderous horseman's pistols, and cocked it. But our young Whig was an expert thrower, and in his hands the fire-hardened pine-knots were dangerous weapons. At the same instant that Humphrey threw a pine-knot, the soldier drew his pistol; but when he fired, a moment later, the heavy ounce-ball flew wide of its mark.

The Tory now drew the other pistol and leaped his horse over the log, determined to come to close quarters and finish the combat with his last shot. Humphrey with equal promptness also jumped across the tree-trunk, thus keeping the log between them. This manœuver was repeated more than once. Meanwhile the horseman was so belabored with pine-knots that his second and last shot failed to take effect.

At length a well-directed knot emptied the saddle and stretched the Tory on the ground. Hunter then sprang upon him, seized his sword, and forced a surrender on the following terms:

The Tory bound himself to make no mention of the duel or the cause which led to it, and also promised not to inform on any other prisoner for a like transgression. Upon this condition Humphrey returned the sword, and agreed never to breathe a word of the combat or its issue.

THE ARTIST-SOLDIER

BY CHARLES BARNARD

EVERY American boy has read the story,—has heard how the great fort on the Hudson so nearly fell into the hands of the enemy. The British war-ships had crept up the river, and lay at anchor, still and gloomy, while the Americans manned the forts, anxious and watchful. At West Point the sentinels paced up and down, up and down, all the long days and nights, that none might come near to take away the fort and destroy the hopes of the country. All this was in the fall of 1780, and our fortunes were low, and many thought the long and weary war soon would come to a sad and bitter end.

One night, a boat crept down the river and approached the war-ship "Vulture," at anchor near Dobbs Ferry. There was one passenger in the boat, and when they rowed up to the black sides of the ship, he got out and went on board. After some delay, he returned to the boat, and took with

him a young man, a British officer. Silently the boat crept over the dark water toward the western shore, as if seeking to make a landing in the woods.

The sentinel, poor, ill-clad, and sorrowful for his country, might pace the bleak parapets, clasp his cold musket, and watch—and watch in vain. His commander was not in his quarters. None knew where he had gone; but far down the river he hid himself among the fir-trees, as if waiting for some one. The boat crept nearer and nearer through the calm, still night. At last, it broke in among the bushes on the water-side. The two passengers got out and climbed the wooded bank, and the boatmen, weary with their labors, lay down in their boat and soon fell asleep. The British officer soon found some one waiting for him among the trees. So they two met, Major André and Benedict Arnold, secretly in the night, because their deeds were evil.

You know all the rest. How André and Arnold went to a house not far away, and there arranged the miserable bargain. Money and rank for the traitor, the fort and all its arms and soldiers for the British. Not at once and without a fight, but as soon as they chose to come and take it; for the

great chain in the river was broken, the fort was torn down in places, the guns were turned away, and everything was ready for an easy capture. Then, you remember, the morning came, and a party of Americans on the shore began to fire on the "Vulture," and the ship was obliged to slip her anchor and drift away on the tide. André saw it all from the window of the house, and his heart sank within him, for it was his only hope of escape. He was within our lines and liable to capture at any moment. He made an effort to get on board the ship, and it was useless. Then, you remember, the flight across the river and the journey in disguise toward New York, and, at last, the capture. And that was the end; it was all found out, and André was taken away, a prisoner, to the American headquarters. Arnold escaped on board the "Vulture," and sailed away in safety and disgrace. André was tried as a spy and was executed on the second of October. Finally, so late as the year 1821, his remains were taken to England, and now they sleep in Westminster Abbey.

Such is the story as we commonly read it, but it tells nothing of André himself. It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he

ANDRÉ, THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

dressed, and what he said and did. Here is a picture of him, not as a soldier, for his sword is laid on the drum, and he has dropped a glove on the floor and is writing a letter. No, making a picture—a pen-and-ink sketch of himself from his likeness in the mirror. Look at the curious fashion in which, like other men of his day, he fastened his hair behind with a ribbon. And his ruffled shirt and cuffs, and the military boots and spurs. He seems half soldier, half artist, and that must be the reason they used to call him the artist-soldier.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed to be his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly. He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier. He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times.

Besides painting and drawing, André could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette. Many of his pictures and letters are still preserved, and could you read the

letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively, and entertaining man. While he was in this country he kept a journal, and, it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery, and plans of cities and towns. He used often to give his pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children in the village to draw.

All this was during the war, and André himself was an enemy; but we can hardly think of him in that way. He regretted all the troubles of the times, and, unlike his brother officers, he never called us "the rebels," but "the colonists." Even to this day, his letters and little pictures, his silhouette portraits, and sketches and verses are preserved in some families in remembrance of the kind, merry, and cultivated English gentleman whom we now call Major André, the spy.

Look at the picture again. See the old Colonial furniture and the face in the little glass. It is said to be a good likeness of André; he often made pictures of himself for his friends, and many of them were preserved long after he died.

LORD CORNWALLIS'S DAY

BY C. C.

I WILL tell you, my children, about a day they used to celebrate when I was a boy, called "Lord Cornwallis's Day." It was the anniversary of the day—October 19, 1781—when Lord Cornwallis surrendered with the British army to General Washington, which ended the Revolutionary War, and left us a free country, to be no more troubled by England on the ground that we belonged to her.

Well, when I was a little boy I lived in the town of W——, very near Concord and Lexington, and there they were accustomed to make a good deal of this day, though it is given up now.

They used to celebrate in a large field back of a hotel and at the foot of a mountain, and the woods on the mountain came down to the edge of this field. Here there would be a grand mock fight, between men dressed as Continental soldiers and others dressed as British soldiers and Indians, till,

finally, the victory would be won by the Continentals, and then there would be great cheering. I will describe one of these days just as I recollect it, when I was about five years old.

We went up to the field, which I judge was nearly a mile from our house, and there we found old men and old women, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, young men and young maidens, and big and little boys and girls. And there were men selling everything that tasted good to youngsters like ourselves; but we had no money to buy, so we could only stand and watch others buy, and eat and drink.

Presently we heard a distant war-whoop, and, running with all the rest, we saw the Indians approaching. They were dressed in all sorts of colors—blue, red, yellow, green, white, and I could n't now say what else, with their faces painted in every sort of way; and as they advanced with an Indian trot, they kept making the war-whoop, by patting their mouths with the palms of their hands as they let their voices out in cries and yells.

I stood near a stone wall, and as they passed over it in their moccasined feet, one stone after another would roll or tumble to the ground, until,

by the time the last Indian had passed, very little of the wall was left at that place.

Then they crossed the field, and ran into the woods at the foot of the mountain.

Soon after there came from the other end of the field, with martial music and stately, regular tread, the British army, dressed in red coats and buff waistcoats and breeches, with epaulets on their shoulders, bright brass buttons, and plumes in their hats. They marched slowly into the woods and joined the Indians, who were occupying a fort that had been built for the occasion.

Now came the music of the drum and the fife, playing "Yankee Doodle," and up marched the Continental boys, in their blue coats, with buff lappets, waistcoats and breeches, their knee-buckles glistening in the sunlight, and their plumes waving from their cockade hats, while their epaulets seemed proud to be on their shoulders, as the spectators cheered and cheered again. I 'll not be sure, but I rather think, to my boyish fancy, the Yankee soldiers had more *shoot* in their looks than the British.

Well, they filed into the woods, and presently the battle commenced. Volleys of musketry rang through the forest, and we could see the arrows of

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

the Indians fly through the air. The yells of the soldiers mingled constantly with the Indian war-whoop, and now and then a shout arose from the field.

At length, the smoke of battle hid almost everything from view; and then a sort of dread came over the hearts of us youngsters, for it began to seem like a real battle, and the war-whoops began to have a terrific sound. But all at once there was one great shout, and the air was filled with loud cheering, and the cry arose: "The Yankees have whipped! The British are beaten!"

And sure enough, as the smoke cleared away, we could see the Continental Blue-coats had won the victory. There was a grand surrender of the Red-coats and Indians, and with that the great event of Lord Cornwallis's day was ended.

THE LITTLE LORD OF THE MANOR

A Story of Evacuation Day

BY E. S. BROOKS

IT was the 25th of November, 1783 — a brilliant day, clear, crisp, and invigorating, with just enough of frosty air to flush the eager cheeks and nip the inquisitive noses of every boy and girl in the excited crowd that filled the Bowery lane from Harlem to the barriers, and pressed fast upon the heels of General Knox's advance detachment of Continental troops marching to the position assigned them, near the "tea-water pump." At some points the crowd was especially pushing and persistent, and Mistress Dolly Duane was decidedly uncomfortable. For little Dolly detested crowds, as, in fact, she detested everything that interfered with the comfort of a certain dainty little maiden of thirteen. And she was just on the point of expressing to her cousin, young Edward Livingstone, her regret that they had not stayed

to witness the procession from the tumble-down gateway of the Duane country-house, near the King's Bridge road, when, out from the crowd, came the sound of a child's voice, shrill and complaining.

"Keep off, you big, bad man," it said; "keep off and let me pass. How dare you crowd me so, you wicked rebels?"

"Rebels, hey?" a harsh and mocking voice exclaimed. "Rebels! Heard ye that, mates? Well crowed, my little cockerel. Let 's have a look at you," and a burly arm rudely parted the pushing crowd and dragged out of the press a slight, dark-haired little fellow of seven or eight, clad in velvet and ruffles.

"Put me down! Put me down, I say!" screamed the boy, his small face flushed with passion. "Put me down, I tell you, or I 'll bid Angevine horsewhip you!"

"Hark to the little Tory," growled his captor. "A rare young bird now, is n't he? Horsewhip *us,* d' ye say — us, free American citizens? And who may you be, my little beggar?"

"I am no beggar, you bad man," cried the child, angrily. "I am the little lord of the manor."

"Lord of the manor! Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the big fellow. "Give us grace, your worship," he said, with mock humility. "Lord of the manor! Look at him, mates," and he held the struggling little lad toward the laughing crowd. "Why, there are no lords nor manors now in free America, my bantam."

"But I am, I tell you!" protested the boy. "That 's what my grandfather calls me — oh, where is he? Take me to him, please: he calls me the little lord of the manor."

"Who 's your grandfather?" demanded the man.

"Who? Why, don't you know?" the "little lord" asked, incredulously. "Everybody knows my grandfather, I thought. He is Colonel Phillipse, baron of Phillipsbourg, and lord of the manor. And he 'll kill you if you hurt me," he added, defiantly.

"Phillipse, the king of Yonckers! Phillipse the fat old Tory of West Chester! A prize, a prize, mates!" shouted the bully.

Dolly Duane's kindly heart was filled with pity at the rough usage of the "little lord."

"Oh, sir," she said, as she pushed through the crowd and laid her hand on the big bully's arm,

"let the child go. 'T is unmannerly to treat him as you do, and you 're very, very cruel."

The fellow turned roughly around and looked down into Dolly's disturbed and protesting face.

"What, another of 'em?" he said, surlily. "Why, the place is full of little Tories."

"No, no; no Tory I!" said indignant Dolly. "My father is Mr. Duane, and he is no Tory."

"Mr. Duane, of the Congress?" "Give up the lad to the maid." "Why harm the child?" came mingled voices from the crowd

"Now, Dolly, let us go back to the farm before we get into further trouble," said Cousin Ned, a pleasant young fellow of eighteen, who looked upon himself as the lawful protector of "the children."

"But what shall we do with our little lord of the manor, Cousin Ned?" asked Dolly.

"The safest plan is to take him with us," he replied.

"Oh, no, sir; no," pleaded the little boy. "We sail to-day with Sir Guy Carleton, and what will grandfather do without me?" And then he told them how, early that morning, he had slipped away from Angevine, Colonel Phillipse's body-servant, passed through the barriers and strolled

up the Bowery lane to see the "rebel soldiers"; how he had lost his way in the crowd, and was in sore distress and danger until Dolly interfered; and how he thanked them "over and over again" for protecting him. But "Oh, please, I must go back to my grandfather," he added.

"But how can we take him?" asked Cousin Ned. "How can we get past the barriers?"

Master De Witt Clinton, a bright, curly-haired boy of thirteen, said confidently: "Oh, that 's easily done."

Ere long the barriers were safely passed, Cousin Ned was two York sixpences out of pocket, and the young people stood within the British lines.

"And now, where may we find your grandfather, little one?" Cousin Ned inquired, as they halted on the Broad Way beneath one of the tall poplars that lined the old-time street.

The boy said his grandfather might be at the fort; he might be at the King's Arms Tavern, near Stone street; he would be hunting for him.

So Master Clinton suggested, "Let 's go down to Mr. Day's tavern here in Murray street. He knows me, and, if he can, will find Colonel Phil-

lipse for us." Down into Murray street therefore they turned, and saw the tavern,—a long, low-roofed house,—around which an excited crowd surged and shouted.

"Why, look there," Master Clinton cried, "look there, and the King's men not yet gone!" and, following the direction of his finger, they saw with surprise the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic, floating from the pole before the tavern.

"Huzza!" they shouted with the rest, but the "little lord" said, somewhat contemptuously, "Why, 't is the rebel flag—or so my grandfather calls it."

"Rebel no longer, little one," said Cousin Ned, "as even your good grandfather must now admit. But surely," he added, anxiously, "Mr. Day will get himself in trouble by raising his flag before our troops come in."

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly.

The British provost-marshal turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I 'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag.

The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, "fair, fat, and forty," armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not forty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom. And the flag did *not* come down.

From the vantage-ground of a projecting "stoop" our young friends had indulged in irreverent laughter, and the marshal's quick ears caught the sound.

Fuming with rage and seeking some one to vent his anger on, he rushed up the "stoop" and bade his guard drag down the culprits.

"What pestilent young rebels have we here?" he growled. "Who are you?" He started as

they gave their names. "Livingstone? Clinton? Duane?" he repeated. "Well, well—a rare lot this of the rebel brood! And who is yon young bantling in velvet and ruffles?"

"You must not stop us, sir," said the boy, facing the angry marshal. "I am the little lord of the manor, and my grandfather is Colonel Phillipse. Sir Guy Carleton is waiting for me."

And upon this, the provost-marshal, whose wrath had somewhat cooled, began to fear that he might, perhaps, have exceeded his authority, and ere long, with a sour look and a surly word, he set the young people free.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all His Majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. "There might be seen," says one of the old records, "the Hessian, with his towering, brass-fronted cap, mustache colored with the same blacking which colored his shoes, his hair plastered with tallow and flour, and reaching in whip-form to his waist. His uniform was a blue coat, yellow vest and breeches, and black gaiters. The

Highlander, with his low checked bonnet, his tartan or plaid, short red coat, his kilt above his knees and they exposed, his hose short and party-colored. There were also the grenadiers of Anspach, with towering yellow caps; the gaudy Waldeckers, with their cocked hats edged with yellow scallops; the German yägers, and the various corps of English in glittering and gallant pomp." The white-capped waves of the beautiful bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whaleboats, barges, gigs, and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed. But Sir Guy Carleton looked troubled. His eye wandered from the departing troops at Whitehall slip to the gate at Bowling Green, and then across the parade to the Governor's gardens and the town beyond.

"Well, sir, what word from Colonel Phillipse?" he inquired, as an aid hurried to his side.

"He bids you go without him, General," the aid reported. "The boy is not yet found, but the Colonel says he will risk seizure rather than leave the lad behind."

"It cannot well be helped," said the British

commander. "I will myself dispatch a line to General Washington, requesting due courtesy and safe conduct for Colonel Phillipse and his missing heir. But see—whom have we here?" he asked, as across the parade two children came hurrying hand in hand. Fast behind them a covered cariole came tearing through the gateway, and ere the bastion on which the General stood was reached, the cariole drew up with a sudden stop, and a very large man, descending hastily, caught up one of the children in his arms.

"Good; the lost is found!" exclaimed Sir Guy, who had been an interested spectator of the pantomime.

"All is well, General," Colonel Phillipse cried, joyfully, as the commander came down from the bastion and welcomed the new-comers. "My little lord of the manor is found; and, faith, his loss troubled me more than all the attainder and forfeiture the rebel Congress can crowd upon me."

"But how got he here?" Sir Guy asked.

"This fair little lady is both his rescuer and protector," replied the grandfather.

"And who may you be, little mistress?" asked the commander-in-chief.

Dolly made a neat little curtsy, for those were

the days of good manners, and she was a proper little damsel. "I am Dolly Duane, your Excellency," she said, "daughter of Mr. James Duane, of the Congress."

"Duane!" exclaimed the Colonel; "well, well, little one, I did not think a Phillipse would ever acknowledge himself debtor to a Duane, but now do I gladly do it. Bear my compliments to your father, sweet Mistress Dolly, and tell him that his old enemy, Phillipse, of Phillipsbourg, will never forget the kindly aid of his gentle little daughter, who has this day restored a lost lad to a sorrowing grandfather. And let me thus show my gratitude for your love and service," and the very large man, stooping in all courtesy before the little girl, laid his hand in blessing on her head, and kissed her fair young face.

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